

Sotheby's

FOUNDED 1744

THURSDAY 5th MARCH
and following day at 1 pm at 115 Chancery Lane

Printed Books

Including Art Reference, Bibliography, Literature, Travel and other miscellaneous subjects, also an extensive collection of books on Coins. Catalogue £1

MONDAY 16th MARCH
and following day at 11 am at New Bond Street

Printed Books

comprising Continental and English books of the 15th to the 19th Century, miniature books, books relating to Science, Medicine, Natural History, Travel and Topography, and a collection of books on the design of furniture. Illustrated Catalogue £2

THURSDAY 19th MARCH
at 1 pm at 115 Chancery Lane

A Collection of American, British and European Children's Books

from the 18th Century to the present day, the property of Kit Robbins. Illustrated Catalogue £2

THURSDAY 26th MARCH
and following day at 1 pm at 115 Chancery Lane

English Illustrated Books and Related Drawings

Illustrated Catalogue £4

Sotheby Parke Bernet & Co., 34-35 New Bond Street, London W1A 2AA Telephone: (01) 493 8080
Hedgkott's Rooms, 115 Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1PX Telephone: (01) 405 1238

Sotheby's

FOUNDED 1744

MONDAY, 23rd MARCH
and following day at 11 am, at New Bond Street
AUTOGRAPH LETTERS, LITERARY
MANUSCRIPTS AND HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS
(690 lots) Catalogue £3Sotheby Parke Bernet & Co., 34-35 New Bond Street, London W1A 2AA Telephone: (01) 493 8080
Hedgkott's Rooms, 115 Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1PX Telephone: (01) 405 1238

Reading Matters

Order your 10 books through us. Personal service on all American titles in print at 50% price.
Contact Nancy Rosen
and Laurel Staley
c/o Reading Matters
30 Brethel Street
Cambridge, MA 02138 USA.

AFRICA

&

THE ORIENT

Send for free catalogue.
William H. Allen, Bookeller
201 Walnut Street
Philadelphia, Pa. 19102, U.S.A.

BOOKS—Secondhand for sale on

general subjects. Send for free

listings. Clerks, Jordans,

Prints, Langport, Somerset.

THE GREENHILL FORTNIGHTLY—

1,000 titles listed in each issue.

Sample copy free. — Waples

Books, Ecclestone, Bedford.

BOOKS—New. — Mervyn J.

Thinning Out 7. — Mervyn J.

Thinning Out 7. — Mervyn J.

Thinning Out 7. — Mervyn J.

Thinning Out 7. — Mervyn J.

Thinning Out 7. — Mervyn J.

Thinning Out 7. — Mervyn J.

Thinning Out 7. — Mervyn J.

Thinning Out 7. — Mervyn J.

Thinning Out 7. — Mervyn J.

Thinning Out 7. — Mervyn J.

Thinning Out 7. — Mervyn J.

Thinning Out 7. — Mervyn J.

Thinning Out 7. — Mervyn J.

Thinning Out 7. — Mervyn J.

Thinning Out 7. — Mervyn J.

Thinning Out 7. — Mervyn J.

Thinning Out 7. — Mervyn J.

Thinning Out 7. — Mervyn J.

Thinning Out 7. — Mervyn J.

Thinning Out 7. — Mervyn J.

Thinning Out 7. — Mervyn J.

Thinning Out 7. — Mervyn J.

Thinning Out 7. — Mervyn J.

Thinning Out 7. — Mervyn J.

Thinning Out 7. — Mervyn J.

Thinning Out 7. — Mervyn J.

Thinning Out 7. — Mervyn J.

Thinning Out 7. — Mervyn J.

Thinning Out 7. — Mervyn J.

Thinning Out 7. — Mervyn J.

Thinning Out 7. — Mervyn J.

Thinning Out 7. — Mervyn J.

Thinning Out 7. — Mervyn J.

Thinning Out 7. — Mervyn J.

Thinning Out 7. — Mervyn J.

Thinning Out 7. — Mervyn J.

Thinning Out 7. — Mervyn J.

Thinning Out 7. — Mervyn J.

Thinning Out 7. — Mervyn J.

Thinning Out 7. — Mervyn J.

Thinning Out 7. — Mervyn J.

Thinning Out 7. — Mervyn J.

Thinning Out 7. — Mervyn J.

Thinning Out 7. — Mervyn J.

Thinning Out 7. — Mervyn J.

Thinning Out 7. — Mervyn J.

Thinning Out 7. — Mervyn J.

Thinning Out 7. — Mervyn J.

Thinning Out 7. — Mervyn J.

Thinning Out 7. — Mervyn J.

Thinning Out 7. — Mervyn J.

Thinning Out 7. — Mervyn J.

Thinning Out 7. — Mervyn J.

Thinning Out 7. — Mervyn J.

Thinning Out 7. — Mervyn J.

Thinning Out 7. — Mervyn J.

Thinning Out 7. — Mervyn J.

Thinning Out 7. — Mervyn J.

Thinning Out 7. — Mervyn J.

Thinning Out 7. — Mervyn J.

Thinning Out 7. — Mervyn J.

Thinning Out 7. — Mervyn J.

Thinning Out 7. — Mervyn J.

Thinning Out 7. — Mervyn J.

Thinning Out 7. — Mervyn J.

Thinning Out 7. — Mervyn J.

DANTE: DE VULGARI

ELOQUENTIA

(Translated into English by

A. G. Fervers Howell)

Just Published by

Rebel Press £2.95

1.40p p&p

also available

SELECTED POEMS OF

RONALD DUNCAN

£4.25 | 10p p&p

Orders to: The Rebel

Press, c/o Element Books

Ltd, Tisbury, Wiltshire, SN15 2BE.

Wiltshire. Tel: 074 787

0747.

ANY American books, new or

secondhand, in any quantity,

100s or 1000s, New York, New

York, NY 10014.

BOOKS—Send for list of miscel-

laneous antiquarian and second-

hand books. — Fulcrum, 8 Queens-

bury Lane, Ipswich, Suffolk, IP1 3

SQ. Tel: 0479 31111.

REVIEW—Send for free copy of

this new quarterly journal on

literature, culture and society.

— Fulcrum, 8 Queensbury Lane,

Ipswich, Suffolk, IP1 3 SQ.

Tel: 0479 31111.

HALF PRICE—Send for free

copy of this new quarterly

journal on literature, culture

and society. — Fulcrum, 8

Queensbury Lane, Ipswich,

Suffolk, IP1 3 SQ. Tel: 0479

31111.

O'REILLY—Send for free

copy of this new quarterly

journal on literature, culture

and society. — Fulcrum, 8

Queensbury Lane, Ipswich,

Suffolk, IP1 3 SQ. Tel: 0479

31111.

THE COMING AGE—Send for

free copy of this new

quarterly journal on literature,

culture and society. — Ful-

crum, 8 Queensbury Lane,

Ipswich, Suffolk, IP1 3 SQ.

Tel: 0479 31111.

THE COMING AGE—Send for

free copy of this new

quarterly journal on literature,

culture and society. — Ful-

crum, 8 Queensbury Lane,

Ipswich, Suffolk, IP1 3 SQ.

Tel: 0479 31111.

THE COMING AGE—Send for

free copy of this new

quarterly journal on literature,

culture and society. — Ful-

crum, 8 Queensbury Lane,

Ipswich, Suffolk, IP1 3 SQ.

Tel: 0479 31111.

THE COMING AGE—Send for

free copy of this new

quarterly journal on literature,

culture and society. — Ful-

crum, 8 Queensbury Lane,

Ipswich, Suffolk, IP1 3 SQ.

Tel: 0479 31111.

THE COMING AGE—Send for

free copy of this new

quarterly journal on literature,

culture and society. — Ful-

crum, 8 Queensbury Lane,

Ipswich, Suffolk, IP1 3 SQ.

Tel: 0479 31111.

THE COMING AGE—Send for

free copy of this new

quarterly journal on literature,

culture and society. — Ful-

crum, 8 Queensbury Lane,

Ipswich, Suffolk, IP1 3 SQ.

Tel: 0479 31111.

THE COMING AGE—Send for

free copy of this new

quarterly journal on literature,

culture and society. — Ful-

crum, 8 Queensbury Lane,

Ipswich, Suffolk, IP1 3 SQ.

Tel: 0479 31111.

T.L.S.
THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

FRIDAY 13 MARCH 1981 No 4,067 40p

'Metaphors
We Live By'Tsarist educators;
Siberian nomadsVichy—myths
and realities'Times' obituaries;
Sir Joseph BanksLiterary architecture
and psychological spaceCalvinism and
capitalism in ScotlandCommentary:
David Bomberg
Osborne's 'Hedda'
Asante Gold
Stevie Smith
A Turgenev balletFiction: David Plante,
Walter Laqueur,
Frederick Buechner
Eric Korn's Reminders

This drawing in pastel on canvas by Pietro Rorari of a girl asleep on a chair is included in the sale of 'Important Old Master Drawings' to be held at Christie's 8 King St, London SW1 on April 7 (Part I) and April 9 (Part II). The girl is wearing a white dress lined in pink, a blue bow, a lace collar and a blue cap trimmed with fur. Among other items in the sale are a study for the head of Innocence in 'Innocence Entraine par L'Amour' by Prud'hon and a drawing by Tiepolo of the Nativité.

Details of all
advertising categories
carried in the TLS
Classified Advertisement
Pages may be obtained
from

Marie Corbett

THE
TIMES
LITERARY
SUPPLEMENT

Times Newspapers Ltd
PO Box No 7
200 Gray's Inn Road
London WC1X 8EZ
Telephone: 01-837 1284
Extension 437.

OVERSEAS

National Gallery
of Canada

A National Museum of Canada

The Trustees of the National Museums of Canada expect in the next few months to recommend a Director of the National Gallery of Canada to succeed Dr. Hajo-Yan Shih who has resigned. Interested candidates and those wishing to make nominations are asked to write to the Secretary-General, National Museums of Canada before June 1, 1981. The Board of Trustees is responsible for recommending candidates to the Canadian Government which makes the final decision.

Preference will be given to candidates with Canadian experience in the visual arts.

Reply:

National Gallery Search Committee
c/o Office of the Secretary-General
National Museums of Canada
300 Laurier Avenue West
Ottawa, Canada
K1A 0M8

Canada

PERSONAL

DRAMA GRADUATE

early/late 30's preferred—offered opportunity with theatre company. Chance to gain experience as actor/director/technician.
Box No: 298 TLS The Times, W.C.1.

REXING 24 hours constant
showing. Not the usual kind.
See us. Once you have
seen us, you will know why.
Please bring your car. Any.
At 29, 29A, 30A, 31A.

IMMEDIATE ADVANCE
£10,000. £20,000. £30,000.
£40,000. £50,000. £60,000.
£70,000. £80,000. £90,000.
£100,000. £110,000. £120,000.
£130,000. £140,000. £150,000.
£160,000. £170,000. £180,000.
£190,000. £200,000. £210,000.
£220,000. £230,000. £240,000.
£250,000. £260,000. £270,000.
£280,000. £290,000. £300,000.
£310,000. £320,000. £330,000.
£340,000. £350,000. £360,000.
£370,000. £380,000. £390,000.
£400,000. £410,000. £420,000.
£430,000. £440,000. £450,000.
£460,000. £470,000. £480,000.
£490,000. £500,000. £510,000.
£520,000. £530,000. £540,000.
£550,000. £560,000. £570,000.
£580,000. £590,000. £600,000.
£610,000. £620,000. £630,000.
£640,000. £650,000. £660,000.
£670,000. £680,000. £690,000.
£700,000. £710,000. £720,000.
£730,000. £740,000. £750,000.
£760,000. £770,000. £780,000.
£790,000. £800,000. £810,000.
£820,000. £830,000. £840,000.
£850,000. £860,000. £870,000.
£880,000. £890,000. £900,000.
£910,000. £920,000. £930,000.
£940,000. £950,000. £960,000.
£970,000. £980,000. £990,000.
£1,000,000. £1,010,000. £1,020,000.
£1,030,000. £1,040,000. £1,050,000.
£1,060,000. £1,070,000. £1,080,000.
£1,090,000. £1,100,000. £1,110,000.
£1,120,000. £1,130,000. £1,140,000.
£1,150,000. £1,160,000. £1,170,000.
£1,180,000. £1,190,000. £1,200,000.
£1,210,000. £1,220,000. £1,230,000.
£1,240,000. £1,250,000. £1,260,000.
£1,270,000. £1,280,000. £1,290,000.
£1,300,000. £1,310,000. £1,320,000.
£1,330,000. £1,340,000. £1,350,000.
£1,360,000. £1,370,000. £1,380,000.
£1,390,000. £1,400,000. £1,410,000.
£1,420,000. £1,430,000. £1,440,000.
£1,450,000. £1,460,000. £1,470,000.
£1,480,000. £1,490,000. £1,500,000.
£1,510,000. £1,520,000. £1,530,000.
£1,540,000. £1,550,000. £1,560,000.
£1,570,000. £1,580,000. £1,590,000.
£1,600,000. £1,610,000. £1,620,000.
£1,630,000. £1,640,000. £1,650,000.
£1,660,000. £1,670,000. £1,680,000.
£1,690,000. £1,700,000. £1,710,000.
£1,720,000. £1,730,000. £1,740,000.
£1,750,000. £1,760,000. £1,770,000.
£1,780,000. £1,790,000. £1,800,000.
£1,810,000. £1,820,000. £1,830,000.
£1,840,000. £1,850,000. £1,860,000.
£1,870,000. £1,880,000. £1,890,000.
£1,900,000. £1,910,000. £1,920,000.
£1,930,000. £1,940,000. £1,950,000.
£1,960,000. £1,970,000. £1,980,000.
£1,990,000. £2,000,000. £2,010,000.
£2,020,000. £2,030,000. £2,040,000.
£2,050,000. £2,060,000. £2,070,000.
£2,080,000. £2,090,000. £2,100,000.
£2,110,000. £2,120,000. £2,130,000.
£2,140,000. £2,150,000. £2,160,000.
£2,170,000. £2,180,000. £2,190,000.
£2,200,000. £2,210,000. £2,220,000.
£2,230,000. £2,240,000. £2,250,000.
£2,260,000. £2,270,000. £2,280,000.
£2,290,000. £2,300,000. £2,310,000.
£2,320,000. £2,330,000. £2,340,000.
£2,350,000. £2,360,000. £2,370,000.
£2,380,000. £2,390,000. £2,400,000.
£2,410,000. £2,420,000. £2,430,000.
£2,440,000. £2,450,000. £2,460,000.
£2,4

METHUEN

Methuen & Co Ltd
11 New Fetter Lane
London EC4P 4EE
Methuen Inc
735 Third Avenue
New York NY 10017

Conceptions of Inquiry

Edited by STUART BROWN,
JOHN FAUVÉL and RUTH FINNEGAN

A number of significant contributions have been made, both to specific intellectual disciplines and on the broader philosophical front, by researchers into the nature of inquiry. The forty-two extracts in this collection illustrate a number of such areas of debate in mathematics, natural science, social studies and history, allowing an appraisal of their importance in their own context as well as comparisons across disciplinary frontiers.

352 pages
Hardback 0 416 30210 6 £10.00
Paperback 0 416 30209 9 £ 4.50

Ben Jonson: His Vision and his Art

ALEXANDER LEGGATT

While most critical writing on Jonson concentrates on the plays, poems or masques seen in isolation, this book ranges across the genres to explore Jonson's vision as a whole. Alexander Leggatt points to the inner connections that make of the rich variety of Jonson's writing a single coherent body of work. The book combines a wide-ranging discussion of Jonson's interests with a detailed examination of his major works.

320 pages
Hardback 0 416 74660 8 £16.00

Before the Industrial Revolution

European society and economy 1000-1700

CARLO M. CIPOLLA

During the seven hundred years before the Industrial Revolution the preconditions for Europe's transformation from the backward agrarian society to a powerful industrialized one were established. In this new edition of his highly original work, Carlo Cipolla explores the process which made this transformation possible, shedding light on the complexities of the economic as well as the social and cultural factors involved.

368 pages, illustrated
Hardback 0 416 74920 8 £9.00
Paperback 0 416 74930 5 £5.50

French Politics and Public Policy

Edited by PHILIP CERNY and MARTIN ASCHAM

This collection of essays fills an important gap in the literature on France. It is the only book of its kind to survey public policy issues along the broader social and economic dimensions, looking at the party political environment, the social context of political power and the actual processes by which decisions are made and implemented, and then at the substance of public policy, the issues and issues-areas which it includes, and the different levels of policy from local politics to foreign policy.

322 pages
Paperback 0 416 30850 3 £4.50

Southeast and Southern England

DAVID K. C. JONES

The Geomorphology of the British Isles

Southeast England covers the Weald and the London and Hampshire Basins, together with their chalkland borders. In this new treatment, the author describes the patterns of geology and relief and the changing characteristics of landscape evolution studies, prior to presenting detailed discussions of contemporary ideas concerning Tertiary landscape development, the origin and evolution of the drainage pattern, Pleistocene denudation chronology, glaciation, periglacial, and coastal and floodplain evolution.

336 pages
Hardback 0 416 84550 9 £10.00
Paperback 0 416 84560 6 £ 5.95

Third Edition (Revised)

Law and Practice Relating to Banking

F. E. PERRY

This revised third edition has been updated to take account of developments in the last three years, in particular, the Banking Act, 1979, and the Companies Act, 1980.

It can be commended to all students as an excellent purchase.

568 pages
Paperback 0 416 30840 6 £6.95

All prices are net in the UK only

THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

MARCH 13, 1981

contents

LIAM HUDSON D. M. THOMAS	George Lakoff and Mark Johnson: <i>Metaphors We Live By</i> Douglas C. D. Poole (Editor): <i>Humorous Geography and Literature</i>	21
ERNEST GELLNER MICHAEL LOMLEY	Seyan Yulishstein: <i>Nomads of South Siberia</i> Love Poem (poem)	22
RICHARD CURK COLIN SØRENSEN	William Johnston: <i>Points in Time - an Autobiography</i> Brian Mercer Walker (Editor): <i>Frank Matchum - Theatre Architect</i>	23
STEFAN COLLINI DORDON LEFF ROY FOSTER	Richard A. Cosgrove: <i>The Rule of Law - Albert Venn Dicey, Victorian Jurist</i> Brian Tierney and Peter J. Leff (Editors): <i>Authority and Power</i> B. J. Hickey and J. E. Doherty: <i>A Dictionary of Irish History Since 1800</i>	24
ALAN BELL	<i>Obituaries From The Times 1951-1980</i>	25
S. S. PRAVER ANNE OUCHÉRE PETER LEWIS A. N. WILSON T. J. BRYON FLEUR ADCOCK LINDSAY DUNLOP ANTHONY TIRWATE	Fiction Walter Laqueur: <i>Foreword to Europe</i> Mark Helprin: <i>Edis Island and other stories</i> Frederick Buscher: <i>Godric</i> David Plante: <i>The Family</i> Len Deighton: <i>X.P.D.</i> Flora Kidman: <i>A Breed of Women</i> Janine Elford: <i>Secret Places</i> Anecdote (poem)	26
BERNARD BORGONZI JOHN BATCHELOR F. S. L. LYONS	J. R. Hammond (Editor): <i>H. G. Wells - Interviews and Recollections</i> James Hepburn (Editor): <i>Arnold Bennett - The Critical Heritage</i> Mary Helen Thwaites: <i>W. B. Yeats and Irish Folklore</i>	27
PETER CONRAD JEAN WILSON	Ellen Eve Frank: <i>Literary Architecture - Essays toward a tradition</i> Ann Smith (Editor): <i>George Eliot</i>	28
J. B. COVNE JULIE KAVANAGH CAROL KUMENS MICHAEL MASON INGASTINA EWANK SARA SALLWOOD	Commentary Asante: <i>Kingdom of Gold (Museum of Mankind)</i> A Month in the Country (Royal Opera House, Covent Garden) Better a Live Pompey than a Dead Cyril (Tricycle Theatre) David Romberg (Anthony d'Oilly Gallery) Hedde Gabler (Verkhare Television) Pleasant Graphics (Institut Français)	29
ERIC KORN PATRICIA CRAIG	Reminders Allan Maas: <i>III Met by Gashlight - Five Edinburgh Murders</i> Robi Warden and Martha Groves (Editors): <i>Murder Most Foul</i>	30
DOUGLAS DUNN JAMES LARSON	To the Editor Among this week's contributors	31
ROGER OARFITT	Michael Schmidt (Editor): <i>Eleven British Poets</i> Nigel Welsh: <i>The Winter Festivals</i> Jack Carey: <i>The Black Rabbit and the Mantra</i> Gerry Wells: <i>A Bachwarda Laoh</i> David Constantine: <i>A Brightness to Cast Shadows</i>	32
PATRICE HODONNET	Raymond Tournoux: <i>Pétain et la France - La Seconde Guerre Mondiale</i> Bertram M. Gordon: <i>Collaboration in France during the Second World War</i> Maurice Rajkovic: <i>Des Juifs dans la Collaboration</i> Louis-Ferdinand Céline: <i>Lettres à Albert Puroa - 1947-1957</i>	33
JOHN STURROCK	James C. McClelland: <i>Autocrats and Academics - Education, Culture and Society in Tsarist Russia</i> V. G. Kiernan: <i>State and Society in Europe 1550-1650</i>	34
KYRIL FITZLYON H. O. ROENIGSBROEN	Donald R. Howard: <i>Writers and Pilgrims</i> Kathleen M. Wheeler: <i>Sources, Processes and Methods in Coleridge's Biographical Literature</i> Richard S. Ide: <i>Postmodernism with Greenness - The Heroic Tragedies of Chapman and Shakespeare</i>	35
VALERIE ADAMS ROSEMARY ASHTON STANLEY WELLS	John Meyendorff: <i>Byzantium and the Rise of Russia</i> Dorothy Whitelock: <i>From Bede to Alfred</i> John D. Niles (Editor): <i>Old English Literature in Context</i> John Godfrey: <i>1204 - The Unholy Crusade</i>	36
JOHN FENNEL T. A. SHUPPEY	Gordon Marshall: <i>Presbyteries and Profiles - Calvinism and the Development of Capitalism in Scotland, 1560-1707</i> Maurice Lee: <i>Jay Government by Poet - Scotland under James VI & I</i>	37
JONATHAN SUMPTION	Charles Lyell: <i>St Joseph Banks - 18th Century Explorer, Botanist and Entrepreneur</i> Grant Usher and Richard Cooper: <i>A Dictionary of British Ships and Seamen</i>	38
ROGER MASLIN BOWARD PLAYFAIR	William Gass: <i>Court Painting in England - From Tudor to Victorian Times</i> A. V. B. Norman: <i>The Rapier and Small-Sword 1460-1820</i> A. A. Tait: <i>The Landscape Garden in Scotland, 1735-1835</i>	39
REDMOND O'HANLON BRYAN RANFT	Fiction James Fother: <i>Impossible Appetites</i> Mary Gray Hughes: <i>The Calling</i> Robert Henderson: <i>Transport and Disgrace</i> V. E. Franklin: <i>Yanning Thugs</i> John Grey: <i>Desire for Allens</i> Barry Targor: <i>Kingsdoms</i> C. Louis Lepold: <i>Sixty-six</i> Donald Watt: <i>Castle in the Air</i> Frank Smith: <i>Dragon's Breath</i> Mary McMillen: <i>But Nellie Was So Nice</i> Eric Clark: <i>Sold in the Lane</i> Anthony Melville: <i>Rose Tinted</i>	40
DAVID CANNAONIE O. M. WILSON DAVID WALKER		41
ROBERT HEWISON		42
ROWLAND SMITH T. J. BRYON		43

LANGUAGE

GEORGE LAKOFF and MARK JOHNSON:

Metaphors We Live By
240pp. University of Chicago Press. £8.40.
0 226 46800 3

Notoriously, books by linguists about language are heavy going—not just because they are abstruse, but because the use of language their authors make is characteristically opaque. Where you might reasonably look for verbal dexterity, even eloquence, you find prose that limps and plods. Why? There are two sorts of explanation, I think. The first is ideological. Verbal felicity is associated in the mind of the modern academic with the arts; with being an entertainer or consolator rather than a contributor to the stockpile of reusable human knowledge. Skill in the deployment of words has come to be distrusted; and a sense of moral rectitude goes hand in hand with the recommendation that they should be true. To this extent, linguists are in the same boat as other victims of the symbolic wars that are waged within the academy: psychologists, sociologists, economists, historians—all of whom, in the recesses of their imaginations, feel naked because they cannot aspire to the unchallengeable legitimacy of the physicist or mathematician.

Most linguists write worse prose, though, than most of the rest of us. To explain the special lifelessness of what they commit to paper, one needs a further explanatory prose. This is more psychological, and centres on a curiosity of academic recruitment. Linguists are men and women, I suspect, who have been attracted to the academic study of language because language poses for them some particular personal awkwardness. In this, they are not exceptional. Men muddled about sex (like Havelock Ellis and Kinsey) become pioneers of sex research; men who dislike being photographed (like Corbis Bresson) become pioneers of intrusive photography; men and women who are insensitive to paintings become art historians; men who dislike women become gynaecologists; and so on. We find it natural, it seems, to turn into a focus of academic inquiry those aspects of our personal lives that are perturbing or inscrutable. This is especially so among psychologists: a surprisingly high proportion of us

seem to have specialized in psychology because we are apprehensive of other people or baffled by them.

Granted that academics show this tendency to specialize in the study of their own deficiencies, one approaches *Metaphors We Live By*, fruit of a collaboration between a linguist and a philosopher, with caution. You expect to suffer and this expectation is one which the chapter-headings consolidate: "Metaphorical Systemicity: Highlighting and Hiding", "The Partial Nature of Metaphorical Structuring", and "How is our Conceptual System Grounded?" All the more pleasant the discovery, then, that what George Lakoff and Mark Johnson write makes sense. Their text is plain; so plain, to begin with, as to be a shade unnerving. Here are two professionals talking out loud to themselves, but doing so as though explaining to a blockhead the instructions for some simple familiar gadget. Their opening paragraph could scarcely be more selfless:

Metaphor is for most people a device of the poetic imagination and the rhetorical flourish—a matter of extraordinary rather than ordinary language. Moreover, metaphor is typically viewed as characteristic of language alone, a matter of words rather than thought or action. For this reason, most people think they can get along perfectly well without metaphor. We have found, on the contrary, that metaphor is pervasive in everyday life, not just in language but in thought and action. Our ordinary conceptual system, in terms of which we both think and act, is fundamentally metaphorical in nature.

Quite so. Metaphors permeate thought, and thought guides action: propositions so obviously sensible, one would have thought, that only an enured ideologue would seek to deny or doubt them. Yet, surprising though this may seem to those innocent of the perversities that sustain academic life, what Lakoff and Johnson say is not only true, it needs to be said. It is a matter of orthodoxy among professional linguists and philosophers, on both sides of the Atlantic, that the metaphor should be ignored. If I follow that, in expounding the part that metaphors play in thought, Lakoff and Johnson have a sustained abuse of good sense to redress. To begin with, progress is excellent.

Happily, the authors proceed by means of examples: not the self-consciously pert variety beloved by English linguistic philosophers, but ones drawn, copiously, from everyday use. Their first exhibit, as well it might be, is the metaphor *argument is war*: "Your claims are indefensible", "he attacked every weak point in my argument", "I demolished his argument", "I've never won an argument with him", "if you use that strategy, he'll wipe you out", "he shot down all of my arguments". As Lakoff and Johnson say, "It is important to see that we don't just talk about arguments in terms of war... many of the things we do in arguing are partially structured by the concept of war". *Argument is war* is one of the metaphors we live by; it shapes the actions we perform when we argue. The point is plain: if you imagine "a culture where an argument is viewed as a dance", in which the "participants are seen as performers, and the goal is to perform in a balanced and aesthetically pleasing way. In such a culture, people would view arguments differently, experience them differently, carry them out differently, and talk about them differently. But we would probably not view them as arguing at all". The same is true if arguments are seen not as wars or dances, but as journeys. If, on the other hand, arguments are seen as games, we are back where we began, because, in our culture, sport and argument are alike in that both are conceived of in terms of war.

The essence of metaphor, the authors stress, is understanding and experiencing one kind of thing in terms of another. The use we make of metaphors in shaping and regulating what we do is necessarily selective: "the very systematicity that allows us to comprehend one aspect of a concept in terms of another... will necessarily hide other aspects of the concept". Often this selectivity is highly significant, not least in our discussion of language itself. The authors ascribe to Michael Reddy the discovery that we think about language as a conduit. We assume that ideas or meanings are objects; that linguistic expressions are containers; and that communication is a species of sending. The speaker puts ideas into words and sends them to a hearer who takes out of the words the ideas they contain. Again, examples come thick and fast: "It's hard to get that idea across to him"; "I gave you that idea"; "your reasons came through to us"; "It's difficult to put my ideas into words".

Lakoff and Johnson look with some care at the ways in which rival metaphorical systems overlap and conflict. The sequence followed in an argument, for example, is sometimes a path (it goes

"when you have a good idea, try to capture it immediately in words", "try to patch more thought into fewer words", "his words carry little meaning", "your words seem hollow", "the sentence is without meaning", and so on.

The conundrum metaphor colours our thinking about language so comprehensively that it seems to correspond immediately to what it describes. Yet its implications are often misleading or false. It implies that the meaning of words exists independently of context or speaker; it hides the fact that two people may understand the same words in different ways; it neglects the extent to which our use of words is riven with ambiguity and contradictions.

Lakoff and Johnson stress the omnipresence in our everyday language of the metaphors of physical orientation. The future lies in front of us, the past behind. The powerful, too, are always up, the weak always down: "I have control over her", "he's at the height of his power", "he's in the upper echelon", "his power is on the decline", "he is my social inferior". Further, we think of organizations as though they were buildings, one floor piled on top of another (not as horizontal arrays). We also think of theories as though they were buildings: "is that the foundation for your theory?", "the theory needs more support", "here are some more facts to shore up the theory", "we need to buttress the theory with solid arguments", "so far we have put together only the framework of the theory". These examples seem to me nearly chosen because although the building is the metaphor that regulates our thought about theories, it is one that is only partially employed. Conventionally, we use the foundation and outer shell of the building for this purpose, but ignore internal arrangements like rooms, plumbing and staircase. As a result, if we were to suggest that "complex theories usually have problems with the plumbing", our use of words would be seen as "figurative", not "literal". Yet, in truth, almost all our thinking about theories is figurative. It is just that some figurative usages are so familiar that we have come to accept them as literal.

Lakoff and Johnson look with some care at the ways in which rival metaphorical systems overlap and conflict. The sequence followed in an argument, for example, is sometimes a path (it goes

round in circles), sometimes a journey (it isn't getting us anywhere), sometimes a container (it doesn't hold water). And so far, so good. Their own argument holds water, avoids going round in circles, and gets purposefully from A to B. It is just at this point, though, that the authors lapse seriously into long words: "Understanding such multidimensional gestalts and the correlations between them is the key to understanding coherence in our experience. As we saw above, experiential gestalts are multidimensional structured wholes. Their dimensions, in turn, are defined in terms of directly emergent concepts". I already know what a gestalt is, and they have told me what a directly emergent concept is, but whether I grasp what they are saying, I doubt.

The reason for this thickening of the prose is not for to seek. Philosophical problems that, so far, have lurked off-stage now move towards stage-centre. It is a moment to regret. Within a page, the authors touch on the most basic of the conceptual axioms that a system of representation creates. What is it, they ask, for a concept, and to particular a metaphor, "to fit an experience"? Is this all-important fit, on which meaning and truth depend, entirely a matter of internal coherence, or is some external anchoring in prospect? Unfortunately, the going now gets heavier, and the whiffs of academic skirmishing grow stronger by the page. By the end of Chapter Eighteen, which is about strong and weak homonymy, I was struggling badly, and was beginning to experience frustration. It thought and action are guided by metaphor, and if our choice of metaphor is governed by the authors' insight—by the values of the culture in which we live, how do we "ground" our thought, except by cashing one metaphor in terms of another?

My spirits rose when, in Chapter Twenty-one, I reached the issue of innovation: the introduction of metaphors that are new. But, for the first time, the authors' choice of examples seems seriously to let them down. They elect to discuss love: the territory recently patrolled by Roland Barthes in *A Lover's Discourse*, and by William S. Burroughs in his remarkable *On Being Blue*. Lakoff and Johnson's new metaphor—love is a collaborative work of art—seems in comparison tame; and tangential, too, to the direction of their argument. They spell out

Bronze Age Goldwork of the British Isles

JOAN J. TAYLOR

The first comprehensive study of British gold in the Bronze Age is presented here with many detailed photographs illustrating the technological achievement of the prehistoric goldsmiths. The second part of the book is a corpus of all known gold objects of the period.

245.00 net

Cambridge Ancient Monuments Series

Odious Commerce

Britain, Spain and the Abolition of the Cuban Slave Trade

DAVID MURRAY

The author describes the changing nature of the Cuban slave trade during the last hundred years of its existence, and examines Britain's efforts to force the abolition of the slave trade on Cuba. Spain's most valuable plantation colony.

£18.50 net

Cambridge Latin American Studies 37

Destiny his Choice

The Loyalty of Andrew Marvell

JOHN M. WALLACE

... makes a signal contribution to the history of seventeenth-century England... it brings a vast knowledge of the politics and the rhetoric of the age to bear upon the elucidation of Marvell's political poems, and it uses Marvell's political poems and prose to illuminate the history of the age.

American Historical Review

Paperback £5.95 net

Music and Patronage in Sixteenth-Century Mantua

JOAN J. TAYLOR

Using archival sources, as well as the music itself, Dr Fenlon shows how the patterns of patronage, and music and musicians, reflect and illuminate the temperaments and preoccupations of successive rulers of Mantua.

£25.00 net

Cambridge Studies in Music

Subjects and Sovereigns

The Grand Controversy over Legal Sovereignty in Stuart England

C. C. WESTON and J. R. GREENBERG

Concerned in a general way with theories of legitimacy, this book describes a crucial transformation in English political thought between the beginning of the civil war in 1642 and the Bill of Rights in 1689.

£24.00 net

Cambridge Studies in Music

Anglo-Saxon Architecture

Volumes I and II

H. M. TAYLOR and the late JOAN TAYLOR

... the Taylor's inventory will... remain for long the standard and indispensable work of reference.

English Historical Review

Paperback set £17.50 net

Further details available on request from Publicity Department.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

The Edinburgh Building, Shaftesbury Road, Cambridge CB2 2RU

Trinity College Library

The First 150 Years

PHILIP GASKELL

Dr Gaskell shows how the library grew from small beginnings in the mid-sixteenth century into one of the greatest of all the Oxford and Cambridge college libraries, and describes the contents of the college working library during this important period.

£50.00 net

The Organ Music of J. S. Bach

Volume I BWV 525-598, 802-805, etc.

Volume II BWV 599-771

PETER WILLIAMS

In describing each of organ works Peter Williams combines a performer's insight and experience with the fruits of scholarly research. Here he reconstructs the original context of each work, and guides the reader in forming his own appraisal and interpretation of the music.

Volume I £27.50 net

Volume II £25.00 net

Cambridge Studies in Music

Music and Tradition

Essays in Asian and other Musics presented to Laurence Picken

Edited by D. R. WIDDESS and R. F. WOLPERT

This book reflects three characteristic aspects of Laurence Picken's own work: his conception of musicology as a science, his preoccupation with history, and—perhaps most importantly—his delight in music of every kind.

£25.00 net

Whatover the case, the clarity of those early chapters is lost; and the stale murmur of the academy reasserts itself well before *Metaphors We Live By* ends.

lan G. Cook's essay on D. H. Lawrence did not make me laugh; rather, its dogmatism and ignorance made me feel the cold winds of Siberia. "Dr. Cook, Lawrence's great failing is that 'he shied away from a sense of society in his writings, compared to, for example, Tolstoy's.' Lawrence's portrayal of the working classes is too realistic, not simplistic enough. His first novel, *Lady Chatterley's Lover* is, in my view, measured, the most 'true to working class values' In that the gooseparker, Jack Fowers, is in a steel mill which leaves the estate. (But then, in *Women of Letters* has the peculiar notion that working class writers are 'too realistic' and 'too naive' and re-writes, eliding to the disadvantage of the public and of his publishers: in that course, the opposite happens; the 'real' genuine writers are concerned). But this from this brief concession to 'realism'—might say 'socialist realism'—Lawrence might say 'socialist realism'—Herbert Gold

Nu, shu, dyleta? The main strategic available are either to push the nemesis back into the primordial community or forward into some alienated space. The first is the strategy of the Netherland, a nation state comfortably, nomads being too exploitative for the former, and not quite exploitative enough, at any rate or here, and among themselves, for the latter. It is concluding chapter specially written in this English translation in 1977, Volodine tells us something of the vital variations of positions adopted on this issue in the Soviet Union. An Imperious school (Vladimirav, Tolstoy, Zeldin, Potapov, and others), whose members have been largely, and unsuccessfully, attributed to nomads, and diverse kinds of Mongolian particular, to feudalism. "Some scholars" have suggested that feudalism passes through the same stages in the common context as it does amongst non-nomadic peoples, and that growth in productivity capably leads to the birth of new towns which are the centres of craft production and

Sollte diese Qual uns quälte
Das sie unser Leid vermeht
Hat nicht Myriadso Seelen,
Timur Herrschaft aufgezogen?

Should we reproach ourselves for be-
beneficiaries of the havoc wrought
Timur Lane? On this view, the situation
even more regrettable: the havoc achieved
nothing. Its beneficiaries need not be
guilty, for there are no beneficiaries.
Nomad history has no meaning; no
The suffering it inflicted makes no con-
tribution to the redemption of mankind.

Mar

The book has been well translated and carefully edited. One feature, however, cannot be allowed to pass without comment. As in many Russian books, the bibliography separates items in Russian from those the languages using the Latin script, which is fine. But the latter section is described as that of "European languages" (sic). In Russian then is a "Bourgeois language"? Clearly, this is not an allusion to the presence of *Azincote* (Lenin himself used this term) in the Russian lexicon and hence its language. I urge the Soviet cultural attaché to lodge a protest with the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press, in the sharpest possible terms, against this quasi-racist imperialist provocation.

Hodder & Stoughton

eventually they destroy themselves together, and a humane condition, with out either differential access to resources or to political power, or its ideological cover-up, is finally restored.

At the time when this vision crystallized, it had no undeniable plausibility. It had a tolerable fit with the salient features and aspects of Western colonialism which were uppermost in the minds of the many who elaborated it. They were not in the least unaware of Genghis Khan or of other doings of nomads in Asia and Africa; but all the same, these doings were not at all central to their attention. So it was less surprising, sooner or later, that Marxists would also have to develop a sociological theory of nomadism. For very obvious reasons, this was inevitable. The Russians should do the Turkist and the Qing dynasty Soviet state either incorporate or ignore some of the most important and famous of or

son, in their essays on the songs of place. Mary Webb's novels, split over from fiction into special pleading, and the nativist judgments is made worse by the opinionistic manner in which they are delivered. It is absurd to claim, as they do, that Keats's poetry had little contact with Irish soil; that Mary Webb was as successful as Hardy in creating regional atmospheres that hardly anyone besides her has made symbolic use of topography. (Hardy would turn in his Wessex grave.) They feel necessary to explain what a symbol is, rhetorically, while somewhat confusing themselves with the fixed meanings of allegory. In contrast, the Andrews can direct the differences between the two places, and place and St. Petersburg, by St. Petersburg, and that the reader will be intelligent enough to understand. The two approaches are as far apart as his *Shropshire County Life from Critical Quarterly*; but the editor does not appear to have been disturbed by such vast divergences.

Nativist and inadequate literary description also appear on other pages. But the account of late-nineteenth-century Russia

Milestones of a malcontent

By Richard Cork

WILLIAM JOHNSTONE

Points in Time
An autobiography
Foreword by Sir Michael Cusmo-Saymour
360pp. Barrie and Jenkins. £15.
0 09 142550 6

If William Johnstone has not yet been properly acknowledged outside his native country as one of Scotland's leading modern painters, his own refusal to settle for a single identity must take some of the blame. The life of this complex man, who has always delighted in paradox, remains full of contradictions. A farmer's son, whose work draws much of its strength from an enduring involvement with the Scottish landscape, he has spent much of a peripatetic life outside his homeland. A distinguished educationalist, who devoted a great deal of his energies to overhauling London art colleges, he subsequently retreated into extreme isolation, doing his own work to the exclusion of all else. He now believes that most art schools should be closed down. A tireless experimenter who has investigated a number of different advanced styles, he has nothing but scorn for Herbert Read's championing of various avant-garde movements during the 1930s. A confirmed believer in releasing the full play of his unconscious, and allowing paint to "speak for itself", he nevertheless insists that "skill is now needed, rather than self-expression".

His autobiography, however, does not resolve these contradictions. Rich in anecdote, confidential in style, and outrageously frank in judgment about the many artists he has encountered during a long career, he declares in the final chapter that "the vitality of a tradition is, therefore, produced by the malcontent, the maverick". He does not mention his own work in this context, but the implication is clear. However many false starts and setbacks may mark his career, he sets greater store by the free-wheeling abandon of a maverick than by the steady consistency of an artist who never strays beyond one narrowly defined path.

Johnstone's life provokes bewilderment, and to make matters worse his cavalier attitude towards the preservation of his work has frustrated historians and critics alike. Douglas Hall, the author of a recent book on Johnstone, explains how "in those early years he began the practice that is the despair of those who would write about him, of taking up paintings after a lapse of years, and altering them according to his interests of that moment". As a result, it is inordinately difficult to discover how he developed in his formative decades. We know that he moved from tentative beginnings before the Great War, painting in spare hours left over from arduous farm work, to formal studentship at the Edinburgh College of Art and then to André Lhote's classes in Paris. So by the mid-1920s, Johnstone had absorbed an enormous amount from two powerful but in many ways conflicting sources: the provincial, often academic tradition of Scottish landscape painting and the altogether more international ferment of avant-garde art centred on the French capital.

These influences were not wholly unconnected — Lhote stressed the importance of masters like Rembrandt as well as Cubism, and Johnstone's 1922 painting of "Potato-Diggers" shows that he was at least aware of early Van Gogh before he went to France. But he must have experienced great difficulty reconciling the one side of his interests with the other. After all, his profound attachment to the Scottish countryside could not readily be squared with the fascination he felt for the emergent Surrealist movement in France.

As a result the most remarkable of his youthful works are sudden eruptions like the extraordinary watercolour "Composition" of 1926, done at a moment of stress when visiting his ailing mother at home in Selkirk. This feverish work is brushed on to the paper with an intensity so violent that it seems to prefigure the controlled dribble-and-splash of Pollock rather than emulate the "automatic drawing" of the Surrealists. If Johnstone had continued to explore this direction at the time, he might well have defined himself as an artist much sooner and with greater conviction. The "Composition" is surprisingly close to the best of his late brush drawings executed forty years afterwards, but in the context of his 1920s work it is a freak. Its extreme agitation indicates how troubled Johnstone really felt about his art. He was able to express the full force of his headlong

temperament only in an almost accidental way, when the problems surrounding the execution of a major picture were temporarily pushed aside and he allowed his more intuitive impulses larger licence.

Like his friend Hugh MacDiarmid, of whom he drew a Wyndham Lewis-like portrait in 1936, Johnstone wanted to weld his enthusiasm for modernist experimentation to a specifically Scottish awareness. But the amalgamation proved elusive. Perhaps instinctively, Johnstone came to realize that he had to side-step out of this impulse by exposing himself to further cultures elsewhere in the world. And during a stay in America towards the end of the 1920s, where he taught briefly in the California School of Arts and Crafts at Carmel, the necessary stimulus appeared.

Although Johnstone does not recall seeing either Georgia O'Keeffe's work or that of Arthur Dove during his California period, there are striking connections between their paintings and his enormous, brooding canvas "A Point in Time". Its meaning is as enigmatic as its name, which Johnstone later adapted for the title of his autobiography. He attaches great importance to the picture, and its eight-year gestation probably accounts for the strong sense of a composition moving from lightness towards a threatening dark. A mountainous swelling, reminiscent of the Eildon Hills which he had already painted in Scotland, dominates the centre of the picture. But "A Point in Time" refuses to be restricted either to Scottish or indeed landscape references. It is a metamorphic image, burdened with unwieldy forms and cavernous apertures which, while evoking the titanic restlessness of a planet still in a state of primordial flux, also signify looming human bodies. But it may contain references to contemporary events as well. On the right of the painting a shadowy presence virtually blocks out the light altogether, possibly reflecting Johnstone's presentiment of the evil which would overtake the world soon after he completed "A Point in Time" around 1937.

The mature coherence of this picture, which was obviously intended as a summation of the artist's early period, could have provided him with a secure foundation-stone for the development of his subsequent work. But mavericks abhor any sense of security, and Johnstone treated the painting as an end rather than a beginning. It is significant, in this respect, that he particularly remembers seeing a large



"Sleeping Shepherds", 1912, by Franz Marc. From *The Blue Rider*, by Paul Vogt (138pp. Barrie's, 113 Crossways Park Drive, Woodbury, NY 11797, \$2.95), a history of the early twentieth-century German expressionist movement.

collection of drawings from Indian sand-paintings in California, because he warmed at once to the way Indians "would erase their pictures before moving on from their camping site". Johnstone has always been impelled by a similar passion for "moving on", and during the bitterly cold winter of 1947 he virtually took his cue from the Indians by feeding his fuel-stove boiler with many of his earlier pictures.

The sporadic paintings he was making at this time were accordingly very different from "A Point in Time", and had to be executed during the rare periods when he was not teaching. Johnstone proved a robust success as a college principal, gathering together at both the Camberwell and the Central Schools a lively collection of artist-teachers who placed considerable emphasis on how students could apply their talents in the practical world of design work after college.

The publication of two idiosyncratic books on the creative process, *Child Art to Man Art* and *Creative Art in England*, fortified his pedagogic reputation, but Johnstone characteristically felt a growing dissatisfaction with the direction of post-war art education in Britain. His autobiography points an accusing finger at William Coldstream, whom he claims "did not seem to have any notion of how to handle paint... his portraits were drawings tinted

with thin, turpentine oil paint". Coldstream, as chairman of the committee which was decisive in shaping the direction of art-school education today, tried hard to give the college system a proper academic status. But Johnstone regarded his recommendations as a disaster.

He therefore changed direction again, resigned before retirement age and went back to Scottish farming life, painting over the next two decades his most striking work. Gestural, impulsive, abstract and as blustery as the climate now inhabits, Johnstone's late pictures are often recklessly involved with the landscape around him. He remembers the verdict delivered by the French artist Kahnweiler who, seeing his work at an exhibition in 1958, commented "Solid! Paris, but neither Scandinavian, nor English!" Although Johnstone expresses a healthy scorn for dealers and the art market elsewhere in his memoirs, he seems to recognize that Kahnweiler was right. The tug-of-war enacted in Johnstone's painting between his disparate inclinations remains as fierce as ever. Whether he would have succeeded more fully by following a single-minded path throughout his life is always a matter of speculation. But as a confirmed malcontent, a maverick who always refused to be herded into any stylistic corral, no other course of action would have been tolerable.

In suburban London, Matcham was eventually to be represented almost everywhere. From Harewood to Lambeth, Richmond to Finsbury Park, there arose more than a score of capacious houses which brought theatre within everyone's reach: for these were the days when even the greatest names of the hall travelled miles around London each night, "working turns", to appear on the bill at four or five different theatres; and when a successful "legitimate" West End production would tour the suburbs before setting out on a journey around the provinces. At the end of each year, the two theatrical traditions came together in the pantomime, when the enjoyment of thousands of children owed much to the genius of Matcham, and his colleagues in creating such a persuasive architecture of entertainment.

Matcham's output was astonishing. His practice attracted talented assistants, including a number of younger men who were later to become his competitors. Among them were W. G. R. Sprague and Berde Crew — names which may be largely responsible for something like three-quarters of the theatres remaining in the British Isles.

From his office in Warwick Court, Holborn came a succession of designs marked by great ingenuity (he was a master of gaining the most out of, or rather into, an awkwardly shaped or restricted site) and a high standard of structural safety and ventilation. Most notably, as Victor Gollancz points out in his perceptive essay, Matcham's interiors displayed his ability to weld structure and decoration into a single unit. This dramatic playfulness of form and surface, which owed much to the

RICHARD A. COSGROVE

The Rule of Law
Albert Venn Dicey, Victorian Jurist
319pp. Macmillan. £15.
0 333 30707 0

Fifty years ago, Britain was still on the Dicey standard. The Donoughmore Committee, whose *Report on Ministers' Powers* appeared in 1932, had been set up to investigate "what safeguards are desirable or necessary to secure the constitutional principles of the sovereignty of Parliament and the supremacy of the law". The authority for identifying these as the fundamental characteristics of the constitution was, with clear acknowledgement, A. V. Dicey's *Law of the Constitution*, first published in 1885; and in its report the committee had enthusiastically endorsed Dicey's interpretation, especially its celebration (for it was nothing less) of the absence in England of that nasty French habit of a system of *droit administratif* under which the government and its officials had special rights against private citizens and were to a great extent free from the jurisdiction of the ordinary courts. Referring specifically to this question, the committee affirmed that "in our opinion Professor Dicey's conclusion is no less true today than it was in 1915" (when the eighth and last revised edition of his book had been published) and it recommended that no such system of administrative law should be established in this country.

In retrospect, this seems to be an episode which makes constitutional lawyers and political scientists shuffle their feet in embarrassment. When Dicey first propounded "the rule of law" as one of the fundamental features of the constitution there were already, apparently, certain inconvenient legal facts which it did not account for altogether satisfactorily. By 1915 it had become so hard for Dicey to accommodate subsequent developments within his framework that in place of the revisions of the details of the text which had characterized the earlier editions, he

The prophet of the obvious

By Stefan Collini

had resorted to a long and revealingly splenetic introduction in which he uttered dark warnings about the threat to his principles posed by the legislation of the preceding decade. For a government committee then to endorse these principles in 1932 as a guide to further practice has been taken to indicate a hold upon the realities of the situation which might seem to compare somewhat unfavourably with that of King Canute's courtiers.

Interestingly, a parallel trajectory has been followed by the reputation of the other work with which Dicey's name is generally associated, *Law and Public Opinion in England during the Nineteenth Century*. For several decades after its first publication in 1905, political and administrative historians treated Dicey's account of the transition in nineteenth-century England from an "Age of Individualism" to an "Age of Collectivism" as the canonical framework. More recently, the fashion has been to insist that the practice of Victorian governments displayed no such systematic theoretical allegiances, and the pragmatic, uneven, unreflexive nature of bureaucratic response and political tactic has rather been the focus of research. Dicey's interpretations, indicates an author — or perhaps, more accurately but ritual in-putting of the boot as an opening flourish before proceeding to their own account. Dicey has become the ghost in the machinery of government-growth debate.

That substantial branches of two quite separate scholarly trades should still, over three-quarters of a century later, be struggling to repudiate the authority of Dicey's interpretations indicates an author — or perhaps, more accurately but less manageably, a historical phenomenon — with some claim upon our attention. It also suggests that in order to resolve some of the puzzles which have plagued Dicey's modern readers, as well as to explore the intriguing question of the connections between these two classics, we need a rather firmer historical grasp on what Dicey thought he was up to, and a better-grounded sense of how this could

have seemed an intelligible project or series of projects both when he was writing and, apparently, for some time thereafter.

For those interested in this task, Richard Cosgrove's book will be a very useful aid. It is primarily an intellectual biography, displaying the appropriate virtues of diligent research, sober presentation, and balanced assessment. For anyone familiar with the general outlines of Dicey's life and thought (apart from his own writings, the volume of *Memorials of A. V. Dicey*, edited shortly after his death by his colleague, Robert Rait, has hitherto



Dicey in his professional robes, 1907.

been the main source), Cosgrove's study contains no surprises, but then Dicey and surprise are ideas which it is hard to imagine conjoined. Cosgrove's industriousness is most evident in the list of the twenty-nine manuscript collections he has queried and in the constant footnote references to them. Such archival-sifting has tended to be something of a fetish among historians, a badge of thorough professionalism in a profession long dominated by political historians whose researches — at least for that period between the rise and extensive preservation of private political correspondence and the rise of the telephone — have been of a kind where the disparity

between a public statement and a remark in a letter is often of some explanatory significance. In intellectual history such sources have, for obvious reasons, tended to be much less rewarding.

In the present case, however, it must be said that Cosgrove's diggings have paid off. To begin with, the materials for reconstructing Dicey's life and intellectual development are otherwise very sparse, and in telling the story of the early career in particular, Cosgrove has made skilful use of Dicey's epistolary reminiscences (which became his main form of self-expression: "aid men remember" seems far more applicable than its opposite). Moreover, in one or two instances it leads us to modify or extend our understanding of the published views, as in the case of Dicey's grudging public acknowledgment of the possible merits of the *droit administratif* which is here rather undercut by his private insistence on the matchless charms of an English constitution that knew not such a system. Predictably, the richest source has proved to be the correspondence with his close friend and contemporary (though after the Home Rule split of 1886 his polemical adversary) James Bryce; less predictably, Dicey's involvement with the increasingly bitter and intransigent politics of Unionism in St. Louis Strachey, though in sheer volume it was evidently an unequal exchange between the busy editor and the academically underemployed but politically over-heated professor.

In so far as Cosgrove has any axe to grind — it is little more than an unobjectionable pen-knife, really — it concerns Dicey's obsession with Ireland, which, he argues, came so to dominate the last forty years of Dicey's life (he died in 1922 at the age of eighty-seven, his own constitution evidently being almost as tough as the one he eulogized) that it eventually distorted his thinking on almost every political issue. The claim seems demonstrably true: one's only complaint, perhaps an ungenerous one, is that the demonstration is pursued in relentless detail. We discover all too

soon that Dicey's views on Ireland were predictable and repetitive after 1886 — it was of their essence that they should be repetitive — and since he was, after all, not directly involved in the political developments we get none of that insider's view which presumably compensates political historians for such drudgery. At all events, the several chapters devoted to the tediously reiterated views of an elderly, irascible Oxford don (including the salves of letters to *The Times*, mandatory for the book) largely contribute to making the book very much A Portrait of the Jurist as an Old Grouch.

Even after all this, the extraordinary, ranting vehemence of Dicey's denunciations of Home Rule still seems somewhat under-explained. The fuel was partly provided by his own unsatisfied political ambition, making him an over-involved spectator, and he clearly found that national politics fed a half-conscious craving for the dramatic, a property notably absent from his own life, though in fact his responses were more those of the pantomime than the theatre, hissing whenever Asquith came on stage, shouting "believe me" when Tory leaders seemed to be paying insufficient attention to Ireland, and so on. Of course, this is not a purely biographical question: Home Rule was the great political divide for the late nineteenth-century intellectual class, relatively large numbers of whom crossed from earnest, principled Liberalism to anxious, principled Toryism on the ferry of Liberal Unionism. It was an issue which touched several nerves: fear of demagoguery and the politics of disruption, nervousness about the fate of the Empire and the defence of the realm, aversion to the sheer constitutional gobbledygook of some of the Home Rule proposals, a powerful irritant for a group who were accustomed to think about politics in predominantly legal terms.

Cosgrove nicely brings out how, paradoxically, Dicey's attachment to a form of nationalism underlay many of his arguments not regarding the Irish as any kind

Edifices for entertainers

By Colin Sorensen

BRIAN MERCER WALKER (Editor)

Frank Matcham
Theatre Architect
178pp. Blackstaff Press. £12.75.
0 85640 231 1

In the Spring of 1976, the Arts Council of Northern Ireland was persuaded to acquire the near-derelict Grand Opera House in Belfast. Although (as a result of a campaign by the Ulster Architectural Heritage Society) the old theatre had been the first building in the city to have been listed, as "of architectural or historical importance", it was by then in imminent danger of demolition. Within a few months, an ambitious and, in view of the time and place, courageous plan of restoration and adaptation to the highest present-day standards was begun. This tremendous undertaking, involving among other tasks the manual excavation of hundreds of tons of sticky Belfast clay to strengthen the foundations and enlarge the orchestra pit, eventually culminated some months ago in the re-awakening of the building to full theatrical life.

As part of the celebrations the Arts Council has sponsored this very welcome publication, a collection of essays by a well-chosen group of authorities on aspects of the life and work of Frank Matcham who, eighty-six years before, had been the architect of the Belfast Opera House. In a career of some thirty years, Matcham was responsible for creat-

ing between eighty and ninety new theatres and music halls in virtually every part of the United Kingdom, as well as fifty enlargements or reconstructions of earlier buildings — many of which were designs of his own.

This is the first book to attempt a full identification and analysis of his achievement and to relate them to the work of his predecessors and contemporaries. While John Barl and Christopher Breton deal respectively with Matcham's London and provincial theatres (the former in particular recalling and analysing the latter-day omnibond of those bearded, out-going, bright-eyed Devonians who had traditionally found fame and fortune in the metropolis. The son of a Torquay brewery manager, he left school at fourteen and straight away began gaining sound professional experience, first with a local architect, and later with a quantity surveyor in London. His star began to rise when he joined the staff of J. T. Robinson, the leading British theatre architect of his time, to whose younger daughter Matcham was married in 1876. When Robinson died suddenly only a year later, Matcham, then twenty-four, took over the practice and entered on an energetic life in which he negotiated and drafted new schemes and modified one to buildings all over the country, travelling thousands of miles each year to superintend their construction and to meet new clients.

The most important of these were undoubtedly the sometime rival music-hall palaces, Edward Moss and Oswald Stoll, the both of whom he began to work in the 1890s and for whom he designed a considerable number of theatres. The largest and best known of these, the London Hippodrome, a hybrid of circus, arena and theatre (now unlisted), still stands. Talk of the Town cabaret-restaurant, at the London Coliseum, was another inspiring but unfulfilled project. Matcham was by far the most prolific and successful of the until recently neglected group of specialist architects who provided the rapidly expanding towns and suburbs of late-Victorian and Edwardian Britain with hundreds of theatres and music halls which, along with their close relatives the public houses, offered equivalently, drama and romance as an escape from the realities of everyday life. Sadly dismissed though he was by contemporary and later architectural purists (whose own attempts at theatre building now seem, almost without exception, awkward and unwelcome), Matcham and the best of his contemporaries knew very well what they were up to. Making architectural

styles with an exuberant and apparently cavalier eclecticism, they created eminently functional buildings, ensuring that the audience (and in the larger houses that could mean up to 3000 people) could both see and hear the performers adequately and, encouraged by the all-embracing look of the auditorium, would eagerly allow the rise of the curtain on an inner world of enchantment.

Born in Newton Abbot in 1854, Matcham looked in his prime (to judge from a photograph in this book) the latter-day omnibond of those bearded, out-going, bright-eyed Devonians who had traditionally found fame and fortune in the metropolis. The son of a Torquay brewery manager, he left school at fourteen and straight away began gaining sound professional experience, first with a local architect, and later with a quantity surveyor in London. His star began to rise when he joined the staff of J. T. Robinson, the leading British theatre architect of his time, to whose younger daughter Matcham was married in 1876. When Robinson died suddenly only a year later, Matcham, then twenty-four, took over the practice and entered on an energetic life in which he negotiated and drafted new schemes and modified one to buildings all over the country, travelling thousands of miles each year to superintend their construction and to meet new clients.

The most important of these were undoubtedly the sometime rival music-hall palaces, Edward Moss and Oswald Stoll, the both of whom he began to work in the 1890s and for whom he designed a considerable number of theatres. The largest and best known of these, the London Hippodrome, a hybrid of circus, arena and theatre (now unlisted), still stands. Talk of the Town cabaret-restaurant, at the London Coliseum, was another inspiring but unfulfilled project. Matcham was by far the most prolific and successful of the until recently neglected group of specialist architects who provided the rapidly expanding towns and suburbs of late-Victorian and Edwardian Britain with hundreds of theatres and music halls which, along with their close relatives the public houses, offered equivalently, drama and romance as an escape from the realities of everyday life. Sadly dismissed though he was by contemporary and later architectural purists (whose own attempts at theatre building now seem, almost without exception, awkward and unwelcome), Matcham and the best of his contemporaries knew very well what they were up to. Making architectural

ous acoustics that have made it an admirable home for the English National Opera Company. Other major central London halls built by Matcham were the Victoria Palace for the proprietor Alfred Butt and the Palladium for Walter Glynne.

In suburban London, Matcham was eventually to be represented almost everywhere. From Harewood to Lambeth, Richmond to Finsbury Park, there arose more than a score of capacious houses which brought theatre within everyone's reach: for these were the days when even the greatest names of the hall travelled miles around London each night, "working turns", to appear on the bill at four or five different theatres; and when a successful "legitimate" West End production would tour the suburbs before setting out on a journey around the provinces. At the end of each year, the two theatrical traditions came together in the pantomime, when the enjoyment of thousands of children owed much to the genius of Matcham, and his colleagues in creating such a persuasive architecture of entertainment.

Matcham's output was astonishing. His practice attracted talented assistants, including a number of younger men who were later to become his competitors. Among them were W. G. R. Sprague and Berde Crew — names which may be largely responsible for something like three-quarters of the theatres remaining in the British Isles.

From his office in Warwick Court, Holborn came a succession of designs marked by great ingenuity (he was a master of gaining the most out of, or rather into, an awkwardly shaped or restricted site) and a high standard of structural safety and ventilation. Most notably, as Victor Gollancz points out in his perceptive essay, Matcham's interiors displayed his ability to weld structure and decoration into a single unit. This dramatic playfulness of form and surface, which owed much to the

skill of the brilliant manipulators of the opera plainer, Messrs Bookbinder and de Jong, can be seen in a genuine late flowering of the baroque, but also suggests more than a superficial affinity between Matcham's work and the idiosyncrasy of nouvenet of his almost exact contemporary, the Spanish architect Antoni Gaudí. Certainly Unrestrained and Padded Ion seemed strangely close inside the belated Metropolitan Theatre of Victoria in the Edgware Road, as one looks around at its rippling curves, copious enlaid surfaces and polychrome tilework. Something of the magic of this other Matcham buildings is evoked in the photographs assembled here, along with some fascinating plans.

The last decade has seen a growing interest in re-evaluating and rescuing the survivors of Britain's greatest age of theatre building. Indeed, it was exactly ten years ago that the furor caused by the destruction of one of Matcham's most remarkable and ingenious creations, the tiny, falcon-like Oranville at Wilton, Oregon, originally built for a group headed by Dan Leno — led to the re-appraisal of London's surviving theatres by the Department of the Environment and the subsequent addition of a further eleven (four by Matcham) to those already listed as of architectural importance. The Department also began to re-assess theatres elsewhere in the country.

Now that the last few years have seen the reclamation of the Opera House, the phoenix-like re-birth within a modern office block of the auditorium of the Lyric, Hammarham, the refurbishment of the Gaiety, Douglas, the Grand, the pool and the Theatre Royal, Nottingham, and most recently the unrelenting in Belfast celebrated in this book, popular as well as official appreciation may at last focus on the too-long neglected achievements of Frank Matcham.

The Oxford Spring Book Sale!

Up to 50% reductions
from 9 March to 10 April

Oxford University Press

We've selected more than 1,000 of our best books for our big Spring Book Sale: general books, reference books, children's books, and academic books in all fields. Here is a splendid opportunity to buy Oxford books at a fraction of their normal cost — price reductions are between 33½% and 50%, and in some cases even more.

These books are not remainders: they will return to their full prices after the sale.

Most good booksellers will have these Oxford books or will order them for you.

الحمد لله

For God and Mammon

By Roger Mason

GORDON MARSHALL:
Presbyteries and Profits
Calvinism and the Development of Capitalism in Scotland, 1560-1707
406pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £18.
0 19 827246 4

Ever since the publication in 1904-5 of *The Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism*, Scotland has figured prominently in discussions of the validity of Max Weber's provocative thesis. For the most part, however, this participation has been negative: sociologists and historians alike have construed the coincidence in seventeenth-century Scotland of a Calvinist state church and an underdeveloped economy as a telling indictment of Weber's causal relationship between Calvinism and the growth of capitalism. Nevertheless, his thesis has stubbornly refused to die and Gordon Marshall's study, as its title hints, is a further contribution to the debate on its tenability. Remarkably, indeed, it is the first serious attempt in test the validity of the thesis through an empirical investigation of Scottish experience from the Reformation to the Parliamentary Union. Still more remarkably, unlike the majority of previous commentators, Marshall is inclined to conclude - albeit cautiously - that Scotland may yet prove Weber right.

This revisionist stance is based on a convincing re-interpretation of Weber's thesis itself. With considerable justification Marshall argues that those who espouse the "refutation" from Scottish experience argument merely expose their astonishing ignorance of what Weber actually wrote. For to impute to him the suggestion that Calvinism inevitably "caused" or "gave birth to" capitalism is unconsciously to telescope and travesty a much richer and more complex theory. More specifically, it is to conflate the spirit of capitalism with the capitalist economic system - a conflation that even a cursory reading of his works will reveal Weber to be at pains to avoid. Indeed, Marshall contends, it obscures the crucial fact that Weber actually developed two theses in response to two problems. The first, resolved in *The Protestant Ethic*, was to locate the source of the modern spirit of capitalism and to advance the thesis that it originated in the social ethic of seventeenth-century neo-Calvinism. In the course of this investigation, however, and in his subsequent writings, Weber confronted a second and quite separate problem in defining the precise role of this capitalist spirit in the development of the modern capitalist economic system. Consequently, and in response to historical materialists' (mis-)interpretation of his latter thesis as idealist, he advanced the further thesis that the spirit of capitalism was only one of a range of material and non-material factors responsible for the development of the modern capitalist economic system.

Although trading ventures (the Darien Scheme), the foundation of the Bank of Scotland, and the coal-mining industry, all pass under brief review, the burden of Marshall's proof of his existence rests on his analysis of the records of the Newmills Cloth Manufacture from 1645 and 1713. Through these unusually full records, he is able to document that the partners in the business were, indeed, intent on maximizing profitability and employed all the techniques of management associated with the modern spirit of capitalism. That is, they maintained strict control over operations at

Divine right from a distance

By Edward Playfair

MAURICE LEE JR.
Government by Pen
Scotland under James VI & I
232pp. University of Illinois Press. £9.60.
0 252 0874 4

This I must say for Scotland, and I may truly vaunt it, here I sit and govern it with my pen, I write and it is done, and by a Clerk of the Council I govern Scotland now, which others could not do by the sword.

So said King James in 1607, one of the most ludicrous kings of England but the most successful king of Scotland before the Union. He brought that country out of savagery and found into comparative civilization and peace, and the best of his work on its behalf was done from London. Some aspects of Scottish history from 1603 to his death in 1625, particularly the religious ones, have been studied in detail, but, amazingly, no full political history has been written before. We owe a debt to Maurice Lee Jr. for filling the gap so competently.

Before he left Scotland, James had managed to gain some control over the great landed families and to limit new feudal. The Union of the Crowns made a tough policy possible for the Boreas; and, by political accommodation as well as occasional letters of fire and sword to rebellious chieftains, James began to solve the Highland prob-

lem. Internal peace left him free to follow the policies closest to his heart: the union of the Kingdoms, the restoration of episcopacy and religious unity which in his mind meant the assimilation of the Church of Scotland to the Church of England. The three policies were interconnected, but tactically they could be separately pursued.

The union of the kingdoms was instantly rejected by opinion in both countries; James retained it as an ideal, but accepted that he was premature. Episcopacy was firmly re-established. His attempt to unify religion was his one overt failure. The King insisted on the five articles of Perth. Lee shows that his episcopal and lay advisers did not warn him how much opposition there would be to them and concludes (not to my mind convincingly) that if James had been better informed, he would not have insisted. Anyway, he did insist and met with resistance. A packed and bullied General Assembly approved the articles second time round; Parliament did so without difficulty; and no one obeyed them. The resistance greatly angered James; but, unlike his son, he recognized what would and what could not be done and bided his time; though the violation of the Church was not achieved during his lifetime.

Lee supports W. R. Porter in the view that the principal outcome of the squabble over the articles was the creation of a permanent nonconformist party, which rejected automatic obedience to the crown. But, had it not been for the distasteful folly of Charles I, would that party have been permanent? Time is a great con-

former, and if James had been succeeded by a man of sense, Scotland might have remained a pretty contented oligoepiscopalian country, such as James left it.

James's rule by the pen was an undoubted fact, but whose hand guided the pen? This is where Lee's book, by its attention to detail, is most valuable. We do not have much indication of how much influence his London advisers had on his general policy as distinct from private interests; probably rather little except on church matters. But the Privy Council at Edinburgh, through whom he acted, was no mere tool. Its members suggested, they modified, they dragged their feet, they advised, they refrained. The time came when, except on those religious matters which were closest to the king's heart - much of the initiative originated with them. James had picked good men; they were loyal to him and he trusted them; he kept them long in office - in the case of Dunbar and Dunblaine, the dominant men of the period, till their deaths. They were able, experienced, and by the standards of those times, incorrupt. It was not surprising that in 1616 one of the king's London advisers, writing about a forthcoming visit from Edinburgh, said "Conditions settled by yourselves before he came to the King will make his Majesty the better contented. You know how much it troubles him when matters are in question."

Lee's last wonder that it was possible to achieve so much so long a distance; but it seems probable that, given peace and competent representatives in Edinburgh, the

whimpering, there are at least some empirical grounds for making the conceptual leap that is essential for the vindication of Weber's thesis.

But what of the crucial question of causation? Was Sir John's capitalist enterprise motivated by the Protestant ethic or was the latter merely adopted *ex post facto* as a convenient means of legitimizing his economic interests? Wisely, in a study of this kind, Marshall does not wish to enter into the controversy over Weber's ambiguous attitude to historical materialism. Nevertheless, to vindicate Weber, he does have to establish whether the Protestant ethic was or was not "epiphenomenal" to the growth of capitalism and the capitalist spirit. At this point, however, asking from consideration of chronology, his empirical approach fails him entirely and Marshall is forced to concede that from the available data it is impossible to assign causal priority to either of the belief-systems with which he is dealing. Accordingly, therefore, to prove Weber correct, he has recourse to "considerations of general sociological theory". Unfortunately, it is not within the scope of this review (nor entirely within the reviewer's competence) to deal critically with Marshall's subsequent (and all too brief) argument. Suffice it to say that he seeks to refute what he believes to be the crudely mechanistic model of social action advanced by Marxists by arguing that their arbitrary separation of "legitimation" and "motivation" does not conform with the realities of everyday social behaviour. On the contrary, he asserts, the beliefs and ideology of a social actor have a causal as well as a legitimating significance. For those exposed to it, therefore, the Protestant ethic will have provided "a vocabulary of motives" which gave *prior* (and quite unprecedented) justification and encouragement to the pursuit of profit as an end in itself. In other words, Marshall rather bluntly concludes, "the Calvinist ethic caused the development of the spirit of modern capitalism".

Of itself, however, it did not - as the case of Scotland amply demonstrates - cause the development of the modern capitalist economic system. In demonstrating the existence of the modern spirit of capitalism in seventeenth-century Scotland, therefore, Marshall has already gone far towards establishing the significance of his reinterpretation of Weber's two theses. For, quite clearly, the operation of such an ethos could not overcome the material and other disadvantages under which Scotland laboured and which Marshall briefly reviews in his final chapter. After the Union of the Parliaments, for example, what so longer

protected from English competition, the Newmills factory was forced to close. Although operated in the spirit of modern capitalism, the material "conditions of action" were unfavourable to either its growth or that of a modern capitalist economic order at large.

One factor militating against the latter development was the apparent, but paradoxical intractability of the Scottish labour force. According to Weber, the Protestant ethic's emphasis on industry and asceticism should have produced a work-force adaptable to novel work and time disciplines and responsive to wage and productivity incentives. Both in Newmills and Sir John Clerk's colliery, however, Marshall's evidence suggests that this was not the case. Marshall offers an explanation by suggesting that the recalcitrant workers may have been either foreign, migrant labourers or former "sturdy beggars", neither of whom would have been exposed to the full weight of instruction in the Protestant ethic. He notes only in passing Weber's highly significant point that the stringent discipline enforced by a Calvinist state church to ensure conformity might actually inhibit the "liberation of individual powers" and weaken his subjective motives of rational conduct. This would, one may presume, have affected the labouring classes much more than those from whom potential entrepreneurs were drawn. Is it possible that, in promoting the Protestant ethic with such ferocity, Scotland was, in terms of the growth of capitalism, hoist by her own petard? This is a question which Marshall unfortunately leaves unexplored.

An empirical investigation that has in the end to revert to sociological theorizing to sustain its case, cannot be considered a complete success. Yet Marshall has done a considerable service to both sociologists and historians in his effort to "commence discussion" of Weber's thesis with reference to Scottish data. Not only has he succeeded in re-interpreting much of the thesis in the light of solid empirical evidence, but he has done so with a clarity - particularly the terms of the neo-Calvinist divines - has been hitherto sadly neglected by Scottish historians. If, in the last analysis, the limitations of the evidence leave many questions unanswered and prevent him from fully vindicating Weber, his cautious and well-balanced assessment of what he does achieve is a serious consideration. Finally, while Marshall's presentation is at times laboured and repetitious, historians of Scotland should nevertheless be grateful for this rich infusion of conceptual vigour to the eclectic broil on which they are accustomed to subsist.

The Royal Society, wishing to observe the forthcoming Transit of Venus across the sun in June 1769 and knowing that it was not to occur until 1874, petitioned the King for £40,000 and a vessel to take its astronomers to some island in the Pacific Ocean. Encouraged by the return of the expedition, led by Captain Samuel Wallis, which had recently fixed the position of Tahiti, or, as King George the Third said, and reported a safe harbour in Matavai Bay, abundant fresh water, plentiful food, friendly natives, and a good site for an observatory, the Royal Society finally settled on its destination.

The Admiralty magnanimously let Banks finance his own contribution to the success of the secret venture. It really had in mind. This was the discovery and possession of the "Continental or Land of Great extent", which it was thought must exist in the South Pacific Ocean in order to counterbalance the weight of the land masses spread across the Northern hemisphere. And in perhaps the nearest approach to administrative genius ever made by a committee, it rejected the Royal Society's nominee to command the expedition and chose instead a man entirely unknown outside naval circles, a thirty-nine-year-old son of a Yorkshire farmhand who had come up through the ranks, James Cook.

Cook's reputation was based on his successful navigation of the intricate waters of the St Lawrence to take the forces of Quebec. He had also made a painstaking survey of the coasts of Newfoundland (his charts were not superseded for almost a century). His formative years were spent as a merchant seaman in the North Sea and Scandinavian waters, and when offered a freeship on all the ships in the navy for the next expedition, he asked instead for a whaler, with its smaller, tougher and flat bottom, which would enable it to scrape across uncharted reefs and then be pulled safely ashore for repairs. Banks committed

himself, seven colleagues, two servants and, as assistant zoological collectors, two apes. On the cramped voyage out, he fretted, found five varieties of weevil in his ship's biscuit and observed that some preyed on the eggs of the others; and he wrote his Journal.

CHARLES LYTE:
Sir Joseph Banks 18th Century Explorer,
Botanist and Entrepreneur
248pp. David and Charles. £10.50.
0 7153 7884 8

The lifelong and ennobling interests of Joseph Banks (1744-1820) were fixed in one revelatory moment after a schoolboy swim in the river at Eton. Wandering back along the lane he decided that the plants in flower around him would prove a higher object of study than Latin and Greek; and so, with a characteristic and highly efficient combination of single-minded enthusiasm, excessive but directed expenditure and tough organizing ability, he persuaded the local women who collected herbs for apothecaries to bring their best specimens to him instead and, for a fee of sixpence a time, to tell him all they knew about each one.

The same vigorous technique prevailed at Christ Church. Faced with Dr Humphrey Sibthorp set fast in the Chair of Botany, whence he had delivered one lecture in thirty-five years - and who made it plain that a mere pupil who wished to learn was insufficient cause to effect a change in the habits of a lifetime - Banks hired his own lecturer in Cambridge and brought him to Oxford.

In 1764 he inherited the family seat of Revesby Abbey, great Lincolnshire estates, and a further fortune in early industrial investments. Under the tutelage of a mother he described as "void of all Imaginary fear" and whom he adored, he brought his habits of ordered, documented control to his land and business empire, and still found time to be a naturalist, to correspond with the leading naturalists of his day, notably Thomas Pennant, and with Lord Sandwich, to lay secret plans for the draining of the Serpentine to discover what fish it might contain.

In 1766, at twenty-three, he was nominated to the Royal Society, and that same month set out on the first stage of a world tour, with an expedition to Labrador and Newfoundland. Like Charles Darwin before him, he soon discovered that he was "a naturalist at heart" (drawing the line only at rotting jellyfish). He had his arm discreetly tattooed end, an unlamented honour, he was allowed to take part, as a *Penava*, a demonic clown, in a spirit-of-the-dead ceremony.

After Tahiti, Cook swung south-west in search of the hypothetical lost continent. Two months east from the Society Islands, he and his companions landed in New Zealand. They found the Maoris to be cannibals and invariably hostile, but to speak a language which Tupia, a Tahitian Chief who wished to see London and had been taken on board, could understand. He confirmed the ship's company with a ready translation of the old Maori welcome call, "Hore me i ua i ka patu", "come ashore and ha clubbed".

Circumnavigating both North and South Island, and proving that New Zealand could not be part of the Southern Continent, took five months. Then Cook decided to return to England.

The Admiralty magnanimously let Banks finance his own contribution to the success of the secret venture. It really had in mind. This was the discovery and possession of the "Continental or Land of Great extent", which it was thought must exist in the South Pacific Ocean in order to counterbalance the weight of the land masses spread across the Northern hemisphere. And in perhaps the nearest approach to administrative genius ever made by a committee, it rejected the Royal Society's nominee to command the expedition and chose instead a man entirely unknown outside naval circles, a thirty-nine-year-old son of a Yorkshire farmhand who had come up through the ranks, James Cook.

Cook's reputation was based on his successful navigation of the intricate waters of the St Lawrence to take the forces of Quebec. He had also made a painstaking survey of the coasts of Newfoundland (his charts were not superseded for almost a century). His formative years were spent as a merchant seaman in the North Sea and Scandinavian waters, and when offered a freeship on all the ships in the navy for the next expedition, he asked instead for a whaler, with its smaller, tougher and flat bottom, which would enable it to scrape across uncharted reefs and then be pulled safely ashore for repairs. Banks committed

The hard life of the herborist

By Redmond O'Hanlon

CHARLES LYTE:
Sir Joseph Banks 18th Century Explorer,
Botanist and Entrepreneur
248pp. David and Charles. £10.50.
0 7153 7884 8

The lifelong and ennobling interests of Joseph Banks (1744-1820) were fixed in one revelatory moment after a schoolboy swim in the river at Eton. Wandering back along the lane he decided that the plants in flower around him would prove a higher object of study than Latin and Greek; and so, with a characteristic and highly efficient combination of single-minded enthusiasm, excessive but directed expenditure and tough organizing ability, he persuaded the local women who collected herbs for apothecaries to bring their best specimens to him instead and, for a fee of sixpence a time, to tell him all they knew about each one.

The same vigorous technique prevailed at Christ Church. Faced with Dr Humphrey Sibthorp set fast in the Chair of Botany, whence he had delivered one lecture in thirty-five years - and who made it plain that a mere pupil who wished to learn was insufficient cause to effect a change in the habits of a lifetime - Banks hired his own lecturer in Cambridge and brought him to Oxford.

In 1764 he inherited the family seat of Revesby Abbey, great Lincolnshire estates, and a further fortune in early industrial investments. Under the tutelage of a mother he described as "void of all Imaginary fear" and whom he adored, he brought his habits of ordered, documented control to his land and business empire, and still found time to be a naturalist, to correspond with the leading naturalists of his day, notably Thomas Pennant, and with Lord Sandwich, to lay secret plans for the draining of the Serpentine to discover what fish it might contain.

In 1766, at twenty-three, he was nominated to the Royal Society, and that same month set out on the first stage of a world tour, with an expedition to Labrador and Newfoundland. Like Charles Darwin before him, he soon discovered that he was "a naturalist at heart" (drawing the line only at rotting jellyfish). He had his arm discreetly tattooed end, an unlamented honour, he was allowed to take part, as a *Penava*, a demonic clown, in a spirit-of-the-dead ceremony.

After Tahiti, Cook swung south-west in search of the hypothetical lost continent. Two months east from the Society Islands, he and his companions landed in New Zealand. They found the Maoris to be cannibals and invariably hostile, but to speak a language which Tupia, a Tahitian Chief who wished to see London and had been taken on board, could understand. He confirmed the ship's company with a ready translation of the old Maori welcome call, "Hore me i ua i ka patu", "come ashore and ha clubbed".

Circumnavigating both North and South Island, and proving that New Zealand could not be part of the Southern Continent, took five months. Then Cook decided to return to England.

The Admiralty magnanimously let Banks finance his own contribution to the success of the secret venture. It really had in mind. This was the discovery and possession of the "Continental or Land of Great extent", which it was thought must exist in the South Pacific Ocean in order to counterbalance the weight of the land masses spread across the Northern hemisphere. And in perhaps the nearest approach to administrative genius ever made by a committee, it rejected the Royal Society's nominee to command the expedition and chose instead a man entirely unknown outside naval circles, a thirty-nine-year-old son of a Yorkshire farmhand who had come up through the ranks, James Cook.

Cook's reputation was based on his successful navigation of the intricate waters of the St Lawrence to take the forces of Quebec. He had also made a painstaking survey of the coasts of Newfoundland (his charts were not superseded for almost a century). His formative years were spent as a merchant seaman in the North Sea and Scandinavian waters, and when offered a freeship on all the ships in the navy for the next expedition, he asked instead for a whaler, with its smaller, tougher and flat bottom, which would enable it to scrape across uncharted reefs and then be pulled safely ashore for repairs. Banks committed

himself, seven colleagues, two servants and, as assistant zoological collectors, two apes. On the cramped voyage out, he fretted, found five varieties of weevil in his ship's biscuit and observed that some preyed on the eggs of the others; and he wrote his Journal.

As Bacon wrote in his essay "Of Travel", "It is a strange thing that in sea-voyages, where there is nothing to be seen but sky and sea, men should make diaries, but in land-travel wherein so much is to be observed, for the most part they omit it". The level use of Banks's Journal is this biography's greatest strength. Via the South Atlantic coast at South America, Terra del Fuego and Cape Horn, and with a botanical collection growing faster and filling with more new species than Banks had dared to imagine, the Endeavour reached Tahiti on April 13, 1769. The island looked like the mythical home of the Noble Savage: azure waters, palms, rich woods, tall hills, coconuts, breadfruit and fish for the taking, and, as Banks noted,

The ladies... showed us all kinds of civilities our situation could admit of, but as there were no places of retirement, the houses being entirely without walls, we had not an opportunity of putting their politeness to every test... Indeed we had no reason to doubt any part of their politeness by their frequently pointing to the mats on the ground and sometimes by force sealing themselves and us upon them they plainly showed that they were much less jealous of observation than we were.

Banks, pursued by the "chief's own wife (ugly enough in consequence)" than "escaped among the common crowd a very pretty girl with a fire in her eyes that I had not seen before in the country. Unconscious of the display of my companion I beckoned to the other" and "loaded my pretty girl with beads and every present I could think pleasing to her".

As well as building up a magnificent botanical collection on Tahiti, dried, appropriately enough, between proof sheets of Joseph Addison's commentary on *Paradise Lost*, Banks contributed much to early anthropology. He fired among end and with the natives (drawing the line only at rotting jellyfish). He had his arm discreetly tattooed end, an unlamented honour, he was allowed to take part, as a *Penava*, a demonic clown, in a spirit-of-the-dead ceremony.

After Tahiti, Cook swung south-west in search of the hypothetical lost continent. Two months east from the Society Islands, he and his companions landed in New Zealand. They found the Maoris to be cannibals and invariably hostile, but to speak a language which Tupia, a Tahitian Chief who wished to see London and had been taken on board, could understand. He confirmed the ship's company with a ready translation of the old Maori welcome call, "Hore me i ua i ka patu", "come ashore and ha clubbed".

Circumnavigating both North and South Island, and proving that New Zealand could not be part of the Southern Continent, took five months. Then Cook decided to return to England.

The Admiralty magnanimously let Banks finance his own contribution to the success of the secret venture. It really had in mind. This was the discovery and possession of the "Continental or Land of Great extent", which it was thought must exist in the South Pacific Ocean in order to counterbalance the weight of the land masses spread across the Northern hemisphere. And in perhaps the nearest approach to administrative genius ever made by a committee, it rejected the Royal Society's nominee to command the expedition and chose instead a man entirely unknown outside naval circles, a thirty-nine-year-old son of a Yorkshire farmhand who had come up through the ranks, James Cook.

Cook's reputation was based on his successful navigation of the intricate waters of the St Lawrence to take the forces of Quebec. He had also made a painstaking survey of the coasts of Newfoundland (his charts were not superseded for almost a century). His formative years were spent as a merchant seaman in the North Sea and Scandinavian waters, and when offered a freeship on all the ships in the navy for the next expedition, he asked instead for a whaler, with its smaller, tougher and flat bottom, which would enable it to scrape across uncharted reefs and then be pulled safely ashore for repairs. Banks committed

home via the East Indies, striking westwards across the Tasman Sea. This route brought the Endeavour in April 1770 to the south-east coast at Australia, which Cook named New South Wales. The natives gathered along the shoreline, "appeared through our glasses to be enormously black", and Tupia found their dissonant language meaningless. So Cook sailed north, making a detailed survey of the east coast of this new land, successfully navigating the most treacherous stretch of sea in the world. His instinctive seamanship, his ability to "small land" so that (as one of his co-travellers wrote) "when no one else had a suspicion of danger he often came up on deck and changed the course of the ship because land was near... and he was always right", held good until June 11. Then, in this new nature, with its passages of clear water so much more twisted, its rocks more jagged, the plumb line that probed it registering a fatness deep at one end and no room the next, as unlike the swatheways amongst the intricate banks and shoals of the North Sea, the Endeavour struck.

Banks wrote, "She... continued to beat very much so that we could hardly keep our legs upon the quarter deck; by the light of the moon we could see her shearing boards etc., floating thick round her; about twelve her false keel came away." Twenty-four miles from the shore with no islands nearby, the seamen worked with surprising cheerfulness and alacrity" laying anchors to haul the ship off. Jettisoned water and ballast and the six heavy guns. For the very first time on the voyage Banks recorded, "no grumbling or growling was to be heard throughout the ship, not even an oath". He himself "entirely gave up the ship and packing up what I might save, prepared myself for the worst." He details a line of imagined fates of increasing horror: drowning; reaching the shore and starving; reaching the shore and being eaten; or, worst of all, being condemned to suffer the poor conversation of uncivilized savages for the rest of his life.

In fact, Cook's foresight in the choice of ship and his use of the little-used technique of fletching, in which a piece of sailcloth studded with fist-sized bundles of wool and oakum, was lowered, over the side and formed a seal over the leak by suction, saved them. But, loudly though he protested to the contrary, it is plain that Banks decided from then on never to take such risks again. Invited to take part in a second voyage to determine if Terra Australis existed - the expedition on which Cook reached Antarctica, discovered Easter Island, and became the first man to sail round the world from west to east - Banks insisted on raising the dock of the chosen Whitty collier to such a height that it proved impossible to go to sea, and then refused to join an expedition in a ship that was unworthy. His correspondence about all this with the Navy Board, and with his poor old friend Lord Sandwich, is conducted in a tell-tale tone of high-pitched outrage.

Still, great field-collector and naturalist though he was, Banks was probably more use at home in Soho Square, as a figure-head of English science for nearly half a century. He was an honorary director of Kew Gardens, and a man collecting and clearing house for plants and seeds from his own team of loyal collectors: Francis Masson, travelling in Southern Africa as far north as the Keresse, in North America, Spain, the Canaries, the Azores and the West Indies introduced hundreds of new species - heaths, pargalurons, mesembryanthemums, lobelias, oxalis, Arholbed Monzies, a nival surgeon commissioned by Banks, brought back the young plants of the Olant Redwood and the Monkey Puzzle tree. John Lettyard was sent to Russia; William Hooker went to Iceland but politely declined to go to Java, blaming the entreaties of his family. In 1806, Banks succeeded in sending a professional collector, William Kerr, to China, whence came the Tiger Lily (but I think Charles Lyte will find that Thunberg preceded William Kerr to *Lilium japonicum*).

Perhaps the most famous collecting voyage Banks directed was that of the Bounty. The gardeners on board, Nelson and Brown, were instructed to raise 1,000 breadfruit tree saplings on Tahiti, and the Bounty was then to take the trees to the West Indies as a future source of cheap food for the slaves in the sugar plantations. Once they were on board, however, the crew were accommodated in quarters far more cramped than anything Banks had had to suffer on the Endeavour; and, worse, the plants had to be constantly moved so that each received fresh air, their leaves had to be sponged with fresh water against the salt and their roots were watered so freely that there was not enough for the crew to drink. First overboard, assisted by Brown, went the plants.

Banks was an influential friend of George III. Among their many joint ventures were months of royal cloak-and-dagger negotiations of extreme secrecy and excitement with Spanish and Portuguese brigands and corsairs to smuggle Spanish Merino sheep to England. He was also responsible for acquiring for England, for a mere 1,000 guineas, the entire collection of Carl Linnaeus, the founding father of modern botany: 19,000 plant specimens, 3,000 insects, 15,000 shells, 3,300 coral and rock samples, 2,500 books and almost all his letters. He also, in a characteristic exercise of empirical directness, presided over the final and literal death of nicheny in England. In 1782 James Price announced his ability to transform mercury into gold and silver, and demonstrated it before an invited audience including Lords Palmerston, Onslow and King. Oxford awarded him an honorary degree. After much objection, Price finally agreed to repeat his experiment before three Fellows of the Royal Society in his laboratory near Guildford: he welcomed them solemnly, walked to his work bench, and swallowed an honest and lethal dose of laural water.

This is an ill-written biography, but the story it tells to tell the good enough to make a potentially offensively style only a minor defect. Lacking more altogether, and with a very select bibliography of nineteenth titles, it is well provided with black-and-white and colour plates. It is time someone wrote the big, good, accurate biography that Joseph Banks deserves; to recapture his immensely active early life; but also to retrace, by means of an arduous hunt for the papers scattered abroad by the Tale Lord Brabourne held at Sotheby's in 1882, the immensely important lines of thought he first determined.

MUSLIM WORLD BOOK REVIEW

Hundreds of books are published every month from East and West on Islam and the Muslim world. It is hardly possible for individuals to keep up with this information explosion. To help solve this difficulty, the Islamic Foundation has launched this unique quarterly publication which aims not only to introduce but to give a comprehensive and critical selection of books on Islam and the Muslim world. The reviews are written by scholars of Islam and are available. The four issues are published in Autumn, Winter, Spring and Summer.

SEND YOUR SUBSCRIPTION NOW.

Subscription: U.K. £4.00 for individuals and £8.00 for institutions. Overseas by Air £8.00 for individuals and £20.00 for institutions. Single issue £1.00, including postage.

Advertisements: Quarter page £25.00, half page £50.00 and full page £100.00.

THE ISLAMIC FOUNDATION
223 Longtin Road, Leicester LE2 1ZE (U.K.)
Telephone: 0533 743555

Royal image-makers

By David Cannadine

WILLIAM GAUNT:
Court Painter in England
From Tudor to Victorian Times
226pp. Constable. £8.95.
0 09 461870 4

The rise of the great European dynasties of Spain, France, Austria and England in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries created a new profession, that of image-maker, part-artist and part-propagandist, which has continued to flourish until the present day. Ever since the rise of the nation state, those who have aspired to dominate or rule it, whether popes or presidents, constitutional monarchs or tyrants, have sought professional assistance in projecting a particular, deliberate public image — ranging from the grandeur, power and transcendence of Queen Elizabeth I to the middle-class dullness of her namesake four hundred years later.

Although political scientists have been keenly aware of this ever since the days of the Kennedy-Nixon debates, it is only recently that historians have begun to take seriously the question of image-making, and to weave it into more traditional explanations of domestic policy and international statecraft. In particular, the work of Roy Strong, Frances Yates and Sydney Anglo for the early modern period, which makes powerful use of the insights of art historians, has shown how important it is to see art as propaganda, and propaganda as a component of policy. Who made the images? For whom were they made? Were they dictated by the wishes of the subject or the artist? Did they promote or harm the political cause they were intended to assist? When, why and where did the "credibility gap" first become a serious problem? Did the manipulators of images remain cynically aware of what they were doing, or did they become enslaved by their own propaganda? These are some of the many questions to which political historians no longer feel forced to address themselves.

But at the same time, it would be excessively crude and reductionist to see all art which was the product of political patronage as being slavishly or exclusively concerned with the manufacture of a public figure's public image. From the Medici and Michelangelo to King Ludwig and Wagner, there runs a line of monarchs who patronized artists, architects, actors and musicians, more to indulge their own aesthetic sensibilities than because they thought it would enhance their standing among their subjects. Indeed, as the

activities of Charles I and George IV — the two English monarchs whose artistic taste was most highly developed — serve to show, such refined and cultivated endeavours might drastically diminish their popularity rather than spectacularly enhance it.

Moreover, the images of royalty reflected in works of art is also necessarily influenced by the development of fashions and conventions of style, which may make the propagandist "message" conveyed at best oblique and at worst bewildering. To write the history of any functional art form which does equal justice to both stylistic evolution and to broader themes of social, economic and political change is an extraordinarily difficult task. For example, elaborate baroque buildings proliferated throughout Europe in the closing decades of the seventeenth century; in France, these glorified absolute monarchy whereas in England they celebrated emancipation from it. L'Enfant's classical scheme for Washington was supposed to be the spatial expression of freedom and democracy, yet Haussmann's equally classical plan for the Paris of Napoleon III exemplified principles which could hardly have been more different. If similar styles of art and architecture can serve political regimes so diverse in character, it becomes extraordinarily difficult to discover any straightforward relationship between artistic endeavour and political values, and the temptation to limit oneself to the history

of styles is correspondingly greater.

Although on occasion William Gaunt shows himself to be well aware of these problems of stylistic evolution and external influence — as one would expect from someone who wrote a trilogy on late Victorian art and society which has deservedly become something of a classic — this survey of four hundred years of court painting tends to be largely a comfortable narrative, which takes us from monarch to monarch, artist to artist, and painter to painter, re-telling a story already well known in its outlines. Starting from Helmsley's Henry VIII, we arrive, via Inigo Jones's masques, Van Dyck's Charles I on horseback, Rubens's ceiling in the Banqueting Hall, Samuel Cooper's unfinished Cromwell, countless Kneller portraits during five reigns, Gainsborough on George III and Lawrence on his successor, at the bourgeois comfort of the Victorian court, typified in Winterhalter's family group of 1846. Thereafter developments in art and painting, combined with the rise of the mass media, meant that the main images of royalty were increasingly manufactured by different means.

All this is a well-told tale; the pictures are well integrated into the text; and, considering how many of these there are, the book is something of a bargain. But it poses far more questions than it answers. The artists' image of Queen Elizabeth I,

for instance, undoubtedly, the phoenixes, sieves and crinoids in white fur with which her portraits were peppered served as recognizable symbols of chastity but did they embody or contradict papal and diplomatic opinion on the subject of the queen's sex life? Undoubtedly, the sumptuous fantasy of Elizabeth as the ever-youthful, all-powerful, Spenserian Faerie Queene; but who was taken in by this as Gloriana increasingly came to resemble a painted doll, seeking in disguise the ravages of time so cruelly and powerfully depicted by Isaac Oliver?

Similar difficulties occur, in an ever more pronounced form, with Van Dyck's images of Charles I. Who, if anyone, was deceived by those brilliant tableaux of a serene, dignified, elegant and triumphant monarch, the incarnation of unquestioned absolutism, which were painted at the very time when the political order they represented was on the verge of dissolution? And why should Victoria — in some senses the most powerful of all British monarchs — have chosen to appear as a bourgeois, family figure, rather than as an imperial, semi-divine matron? Was it the prevailing style of painting, or the preference of the sitter, which was more important in determining her appearance?

More generally, there are problems created by isolating court painting from the broader context of any artist's total output, just as there are by cutting it off from the monarch's broader artistic vision. As the author freely admits, any attempt to evaluate the court paintings of Van Dyck and Lawrence requires one to consider the full range of their work, and not just their royal commissions. Although it may be true that court painting was largely distinguished during the reigns of the first two Georges, a monarch who hardly he described as philistine. A further difficulty which these pages reveal is that of the changing balance in art patronage between the monarchy, private individuals and (most recently) the state and corporate institutions. The most delicate skills in England away from royal patronage seem to have taken place in the early eighteenth and mid-nineteenth centuries; but the dynamics of these important changes require a more thorough investigation than they receive here.

The great merit of this book is that it deals with so long a time span, so that comparisons which can be made between different monarchs, painters and pictures necessarily provoke these and many other important questions. Although the book more a beginning than an end, laying out the area to be surveyed rather than surveying it, its value is that it shows all those interested in the relation between art and politics just how much work there remains to be done.

"Holding the Sword", does he give any information about how, when and why the rapier and small sword were used.

Students of the history of sword-fighting and duelling, therefore, are likely to find little here of immediate interest to them, but for those who want to follow the complex development of the rapier and small-sword hilt, or who wish to know how, when, and where such swords were made, *The Rapier and Small-Sword 1400-1820* contains great riches of information. It is rather curious that 1980 should have seen the publication of two typologies of rapier and small-sword hilts; the other being by Ewart Oakeshott in his *European Weapons and Armour from the Renaissance to the Industrial Revolution*. Mr Oakeshott's brief survey appeared first and it is his misfortune to find his typology nudged almost immediately by Norman's far more scholarly and complex one. After several introductory chapters of great interest, Norman splits his typology into three sections: hilts (113 types), inner guards (39 types) and pommels (93 types). There is a clear description of each type followed not only by a full discussion of the most interesting examples seen by the author and of the minor variants which do not merit a special type of their own. Norman is a master of short, precise and easily understood, while descriptions of what are often very complex three-dimensional objects, and there are few wigs could hope to equal his talents in this direction. Many of the types are not only described but also illustrated by simple, clear line-drawings and the text is accompanied by 155 black-and-white and two colour plates. In all, the typology cannot fail to become a world-wide standard.

Much of the remainder of the book is given over to the remainder of the typology of the designers and makers of swords (including pommels, scabbards, scabbard-makers and jewellers as well as swordsmiths), and the techniques of decoration commonly used on the hilts (including engraving, chasing, encrusting, applied decoration, inlay, chiselling and enamelling). Another section describes the various accessories which frequently accompanied the swords: scabbards, sword-knots, by-blades and bolsters. There is also a chapter on the types of parrying daggers which were frequently worn and used together with the rapier. There are four interesting appendices, an extremely useful bibliography and no less than seven indexes. This is a work of great scholarship which distils the lifetime of interest in and study of his subject into a form it is difficult not to feel additive.

A catalogue of *Three Recent Blades*, by Sydney Marks and Joan Tebbutt (R. D. Dwyer, French, Foss, Pilschry, Perthshire, 410.) Illustrates and describes blades which have been carried out between 1775 and 1880. All the bindings are for sale, and will be exhibited at the Kelvingrove Museum, Glasgow, after March 15.

FICTION

The culture of the campus

By Robert Hewison

JAMES FEILER:
Impossible Appellies
138pp. Iowa: University of Iowa Press.
\$9.95 (paperback \$5.95).
0 87745 101 X

MARY GRAY HUGHES:
The Calling
141pp. Illinois: University of Illinois Press.
\$6 (paperback £2.40).
0 252 00843 X

ROBERT HENSON:
Transports and Disgraces
126pp. Illinois: University of Illinois Press.
\$6 (paperback £2.40).
0 252 00841 X

J.E. FRANCIS:
Naming Things
149pp. Illinois: University of Illinois Press.
\$6 (paperback £2.40).
0 252 00831 6

JOHN BOVEY:
Desirable Allens
173pp. Illinois: University of Illinois Press.
\$6 (paperback £2.40).
0 252 00838 3

BARRY TARGAN:
Kingdoms
233pp. Albany: State University of New York Press. \$9.95.

The Creative Writing course may be a comparatively newcomer in this country, but in the United States, as J. A. Sutherland describes in *Fiction and the Fiction Industry*, creative writing has been on campus curricula for nearly half a century. Having created the writers, though, who is to publish them? The answer, increasingly, is the universities themselves. While the larger publishing houses reduce their fiction lists, State University presses in America are building theirs up.

This cultural shift is the result of more than just a sense of responsibility towards the hopeful writers the universities have educated (and Sutherland reminds us that the professional success rate on creative writing courses is about 1 per cent, as against 90 per cent for doctors). The terms of trade in commercial publishing are such that nowadays only subsidized university presses are prepared to risk the first publication that may lead to better things. Writers have become dependent on academics for the peace and funds with which to pursue their art. The academics in turn find their writers as a source of prestige; the major independent universities of the East Coast represent a conglomerate of power and wealth not regarded with the same cynicism respect as the grand publishing houses of New York; while the local state universities nourish the culture of their region (Nebraska, for instance, specializes in Western fiction).

The results can at first seem various: they range from the prodigious bulk of John Barth's *Letters* (1979) Alumni Centennial Professor of English and Creative Writing at Johns Hopkins University) to the one-paragraph stories of Jayuno Aron, Phillip's *Black Tether* (a "Teaching-Writing-Fellow" at the University of Iowa, assisted by the National Endowment for the Arts and the Corporation of Yaddo). But what Barth and Phillips (both published in London last year) have in common is that they live to write by teaching writing; and their classes and the new arrangements in publishing appear to be evolving a new genre: Creative Writing. The work is likely to be strongly autobiographical; it will tend to contain literary references which make it acceptable in non-commercial publishing conditions; it will be "experimental" but not dogmatically so. It may be short. Reasonably, because short has the experience of being a novel, and it can be discussed easily in one seminar and its length will not stretch the resources of the university press.

Iowa, perhaps the most celebrated example of a School of Letters, has been running a Creative Writing course since 1931; and since 1969 the Iowa Writers' Workshop has been holding a short-fiction collection competition, with a \$1,000 prize. From the Iowa Arts Council, James Feiler (San Francisco State and Berkeley), now teaching at Pomona College, Los Angeles, won the 1980 writer. He has also received the 1980 National Endowment for the Arts Fellowship Grant in Creative Writing in *Impossible Appellies*. Feiler com-

poses an imagined Europe Feiler sets contemporary America, where his intellectuals seem to want to escape the cultural obligations through the physicality of hiking and selling. Literature as something to be taught is one of Feiler's cover themes, and this betrays an anxiety that may be a by-product of the Creative Writing class. Fortunately, there is also a hint of self-awareness, particularly in his final story, "Kleinvoegel in San Francisco". Feiler's "Kleinvoegels" would do well to recommend more work along those lines.

The four volumes of "Illinois Short Fiction for 1980" represent a further stage in the progress of the Creative Writer. Since 1974 the University of Illinois Press has each year offered four short story writers the opportunity to collect their work. Those included in the 1980 selection are all mature in years, and their work has appeared in the dozen or more periodical outlets that play an important part in the short fiction economy. Mary Gray Hughes is herself a writer-in-residence at Illinois, and her stories in *The Calling* reflect a best-metropolitan milieu. They are, in the best sense, domestic; and the writers not in the first person, but through the eyes of her characters. There are two stories where daughters have to come to terms

with the death or decay of a parent, and two others, "Luz" and "Neil", where a child has to take on responsibilities which he does not at first understand. Only when the story moves too far away from Mary Gray Hughes's experience — a young black priest, a county judge — does she lose conviction.

Robert Henson is chairman of the English department at Upsala College and *Transports and Disgraces* has the rather knowing atmosphere of the Professor at play. His starting points are actual events, his characters "real" people imaginatively reanimated to cast a new light on history. This works quite well with figures from American mythology (Dillinger's girlfriend, the sister of the murderer Lizzie Borden) but when we are invited to Jettie or Sparta the playfulness fails.

In *Naming Things*, H. E. Francis, a Professor of English at the University of Alabama at Huntsville and a former Iowa Short Fiction Award winner, fulfils the obligation to experiment. Nearly all his stories are variations on the split narrative. An event is perceived through multiple narrators, or two interior monologues pursue each other, distinguished by their typefaces. This is a more worthwhile exercise than Robert Henson's histories, but the events narrated vary between the banal and the unbelievable. The extreme of the technique is reached in "Two Lives", a parallel monologue by an astronaut and St. John of the Cross.

John Bovey is the least pretentious of the Illinois quartet, and that may be because he is innocent of university connections. Bovey is a retired diplomat, and the stories in *Desirable Allens* reflect, in their locations, the stations in which he has served. Wartime Halifax, post-war Rotterdam and smouldering Casablanca; the story belongs to a long tradition of domestic reminiscence. Though there is more to his stories than that — an acknowledgement of sex, for instance — one does

slipping away to join "our people" on the night after the hangings. This is not merely a propagandist device. The deliberate act of rebellion with which the poem closes is a revolt against inhumanity. "Oom Oort vertel" evokes the values associated with resistance to brute force, to an inhuman and monolithic occupying power. (In this respect it is ironic that Leppold's poems of the white guerrilla war should be written in the language which the current black South African guerrilla movement associates with oppression.)

Stormwrack has little of the intensity or range of the poems. Leppold's didactic purpose is at odds with his attempt to create tension once the Boers invade the district. The central character is colonial-born but has aristocratic English antecedents.

slipping away to join "our people" on the night after the hangings. This is not merely a propagandist device. The deliberate act of rebellion with which the poem closes is a revolt against inhumanity. "Oom Oort vertel" evokes the values associated with resistance to brute force, to an inhuman and monolithic occupying power. (In this respect it is ironic that Leppold's poems of the white guerrilla war should be written in the language which the current black South African guerrilla movement associates with oppression.)

Stormwrack has little of the intensity or range of the poems. Leppold's didactic purpose is at odds with his attempt to create tension once the Boers invade the district. The central character is colonial-born but has aristocratic English antecedents.

slipping away to join "our people" on the night after the hangings. This is not merely a propagandist device. The deliberate act of rebellion with which the poem closes is a revolt against inhumanity. "Oom Oort vertel" evokes the values associated with resistance to brute force, to an inhuman and monolithic occupying power. (In this respect it is ironic that Leppold's poems of the white guerrilla war should be written in the language which the current black South African guerrilla movement associates with oppression.)

Stormwrack has little of the intensity or range of the poems. Leppold's didactic purpose is at odds with his attempt to create tension once the Boers invade the district. The central character is colonial-born but has aristocratic English antecedents.

slipping away to join "our people" on the night after the hangings. This is not merely a propagandist device. The deliberate act of rebellion with which the poem closes is a revolt against inhumanity. "Oom Oort vertel" evokes the values associated with resistance to brute force, to an inhuman and monolithic occupying power. (In this respect it is ironic that Leppold's poems of the white guerrilla war should be written in the language which the current black South African guerrilla movement associates with oppression.)

Stormwrack has little of the intensity or range of the poems. Leppold's didactic purpose is at odds with his attempt to create tension once the Boers invade the district. The central character is colonial-born but has aristocratic English antecedents.

begin to wish, at times, that the writing were more Creative.

With Barry Targan's *Kingdoms* we reach the logical outcome of the campus publishing process. Targan is both an Iowa School of Letters Fleiton Award winner (1975) and an Illinois Short Fiction writer (1979). His *Kingdoms* is "co-winner of the first annual Nevel Competition sponsored by the Associated Writing Programs (AWP), a national nonprofit organization of writers and writing programs supported by the National Endowment for the Arts", and it is published by the State University Press of New York. Like Robert Pirsig's *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance*, Targan's book is a philosophical novel of a father-and-son relationship told on the roads of America. The difference is that this version is narrated from the point of view of the son, and whereas *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance* moved West in search of the East, *Kingdoms* is plotted in a series of helical curves up and down, back and forth across the surface of the States.

Targan begins with a distinguished Professor of English at Amherst suddenly cutting loose (a dream that may well appeal to a university readership) following the accidental suicide of a colleague. These deaths represent the caprice or misadventure of Fate, and the professor breaks away in a rage of grief against the will to order and control represented by the academic disciplines, and even literature itself. He takes with him his twelve-year-old son, whom he educates on the road as they travel. America in a converted truck, making their way as itinerant handymen. The distinguished professor happens, of course, to be good with his hands, and we may see again that same desire to escape from the intellectual into the physical illustrated by James Feiler.

Lacking, necessarily, the imposed order of a straight journey from East Coast to West, *Kingdoms* and its conversations tend to be random and episodic. It is

interesting to see, as in E. L. Doctorow's *Loon Lake*, the political commitments of the 1930s coming back into perspective after the colden moments of the Cold War. There is an excellent encounter in Boston, between the boy's father and a former "colleague", which neatly satirizes the literary academic, but the episode also has a philosophical point, for the father's argument against the products of literature is that they are no substitute for life. He still, however, uses literature himself, and imparts it to his son. Clearly he is a little mad, and quotes *King Lear* in the full knowledge of his own grief.

What development there is in the novel is supplied by the adolescence of the son. At the age of sixteen he and his father roost for a while in — of all places — Atlantic City. (Bob Ranselston's *The King of Marvin Gardens*, and Louis Malle's latest film suggest that the place now has a mythic significance for Americans.) There the boy begins to find maturity, love and independence, though he too must witness an accidental death and an incidental separation. We learn that the narrator does finally marry and settle down, but there are to be three more years of wandering before son separates from father.

The comparison with *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance* is not invidious, for Targan makes the argument for the physical convincing in literary terms, and recreates the sentimental education of the son without being sentimental. Where the comparison is invidious, however, is that Pirsig's book had a commercial publisher; having survived the course, will Targan's next work escape the confines of campus culture? Reminding ourselves of the 1930s, the father remarks "It's what you do in a Depression. Write and go to graduate school." In the current depression in publishing the graduate schools and their university presses are keeping reading — and sometimes writing — alive, but it is to be hoped that these may also flourish outside the monastery walls.

English improvers

By David Walker

A. A. TAIT:
The Landscape Garden in Scotland, 1735-1835
282pp. Edinburgh University Press. £12.
0 85224 373 3

In this thoroughly documented and well-illustrated book A. A. Tait has had the opportunity to research and evaluate a major subject virtually from scratch. Euan Cox's *A History of Gardening in Scotland* (1938), the only considerable work on Scottish gardens since the middle of the last century, passed over the landscape garden as an English import and derivative of the did forest garden which were his main interest. Moreover such few names as had been mentioned, with Scottish landscapes, were too obscure to merit any but the most determined researcher. Landscape Brown never mentioned the Boydell, Repton only once.

Scottish landscape design opened grandly with the late eighteenth-century voyages of Alexander, Edward, Boydell, and the Boydell and usually aligned on some distant object. Dr Tait shows how, under the patronage of Field-Marshal Sir John, once an admirer of Versailles, William Adam, introduced the French style to Scotland, progressively replacing that tradition by a more informal design over a series of decades until, in the nineteenth century, the landscape garden was the dominant feature in the

designs. Sir John Clerk, the first Scottish theorist of the movement in his poem *The Country Seat*, had skillfully combined the old formal concept with the new at Maristown in 1723-33, abolishing an axial layout of hill-fort, villa and canal into a picturesque steeply-sloping river bank. Adam's son John developed his father's ideas further, parallel with William Shenstone at The Leasowes, but gardened mainly for himself. Scottish gardening thereafter fell into the hands of English, or English-trained gardeners, replacing the Boyds, who followed William Adam's style, and the Bowles, who tended to follow Kent's. The new men were James Robertson, arrived c. 1750, whom Tait still has not been able to document fully, and Robert Robinson, who advertised himself by lectures in 1757, both followers of Lancelot Brown and the latter, uniquely an ex-employee, although Tait finds the self-taught Scot James Abercrombie arguably a better exponent of Brown's ideas. All three were in turn eclipsed by the Thomas Whittes of Repton, Nottinghamshire, who remodelled Lowland Scotland between 1770 and 1810, with a cautious development of the Brown idiom of lake, clump and belt which remained shy of the full picturesque and the romantic.

While Brown's followers made southern Scotland as much like England as possible, Robert Adam had discovered the powerful appeal of castle and mountain at Inverary in the north, all apparent, reinforced by his Italian studies. This has not found him designing an actual landscape, but his castles and cottages transformed those in which they stood, and his widely circulated drawings of imaginary castles and hill landscapes

of mountain and water were profoundly influential, as was — Tait reveals — Sir John Dalrymple's Essay on *Landscape Gardening*, which extolled the grandeur of the Inverary landscape as appealing to the "man who is fond of great projects or great exploits". The great Henry Dundas, Viscount Melville, was duly inspired to take to the mountains himself as Dunfermline in 1798-1809, surprisingly with a classical Henry Holland house, and in the Lowlands London took the picturesque to its extreme form, the Natural. The English landscape tradition thus came to terms with the Scottish countryside and became part of nationalistic pride in its sublime beauties. And by the 1820s the pride in Scottish history reawakened by Sir Walter Scott, himself a gardener, had brought about the restoration of the old formal gardens at Drummond and Balnakeil by Lewis Kennedy and William Savery Glen respectively, bringing the cycle of fashion full circle to Revival. In all this a nationalistic fervour, the continuing dominance of the English gardener in the person of Oliphant is one of the curiosities of garden history.

Dr Tait's book is timely, for all too many of the gardens identified as Scottish's finest or most significant are in varying states of erosion, decay or decline. Even though it cannot yet claim to have documented absolutely every worthy garden (one hopes it will grow from edition to edition), it identifies the gardeners, shows the pattern of development and brings to notice many secondary features, like Hay's (both houses, the interest of which has hitherto been quite unappreciated. It is a sure guide to what ought to be done if the will and the money were there to do it.

of mountain and water were profoundly influential, as was — Tait reveals — Sir John Dalrymple's Essay on *Landscape Gardening*, which extolled the grandeur of the Inverary landscape as appealing to the "man who is fond of great projects or great exploits". The great Henry Dundas, Viscount Melville, was duly inspired to take to the mountains himself as Dunfermline in 1798-1809, surprisingly with a classical Henry Holland house, and in the Lowlands London took the picturesque to its extreme form, the Natural. The English landscape tradition thus came to terms with the Scottish countryside and became part of nationalistic pride in its sublime beauties. And by the 1820s the pride in Scottish history reawakened by Sir Walter Scott, himself a gardener, had brought about the restoration of the old formal gardens at Drummond and Balnakeil by Lewis Kennedy and William Savery Glen respectively, bringing the cycle of fashion full circle to Revival. In all this a nationalistic fervour, the continuing dominance of the English gardener in the person of Oliphant is one of the curiosities of garden history.

Dr Tait's book is timely, for all too many of the gardens identified as Scottish's finest or most significant are in varying states of erosion, decay or decline. Even though it cannot yet claim to have documented absolutely every worthy garden (one hopes it will grow from edition to edition), it identifies the gardeners, shows the pattern of development and brings to notice many secondary features, like Hay's (both houses, the interest of which has hitherto been quite unappreciated. It is a sure guide to what ought to be done if the will and the money were there to do it.

of mountain and water were profoundly influential, as was — Tait reveals — Sir John Dalrymple's Essay on *Landscape Gardening*, which extolled the grandeur of the Inverary landscape as appealing to the "man who is fond of great projects or great exploits". The great Henry Dundas, Viscount Melville, was duly inspired to take to the mountains himself as Dunfermline in 1798-1809, surprisingly with a classical Henry Holland house, and in the Lowlands London took the picturesque to its extreme form, the Natural. The English landscape tradition thus came to terms with the Scottish countryside and became part of nationalistic pride in its sublime beauties. And by the 1820s the pride in Scottish history reawakened by Sir Walter Scott, himself a gardener, had brought about the restoration of the old formal gardens at Drummond and Balnakeil by Lewis Kennedy and William Savery Glen respectively, bringing the cycle of fashion full circle to Revival. In all this a nationalistic fervour, the continuing dominance of the English gardener in the person of Oliphant is one of the curiosities of garden history.

Under English eyes

By Rowland Smith

C. LOUIS LEPPOLD:
Stormwrack
Edited with an afterword by Stephen Gray
250pp. Rex Collings. £7.50.
0 908396 10 4

Stormwrack is a historical novel about the Boer War, written in English by one of the seminal figures in the history of Afrikaans literature. C. Louis Leppold completed *Stormwrack* between 1930 and 1932. The South African critic Stephen Gray recently rediscovered the manuscripts and edited them into the present version, which is published 100 years after Leppold's birth. The original had been rejected by several publishers and for good reasons. Even in this revised version the book is ponderous and heavy-handed. In spite of its stodginess, however, it does capture the flavour of former concerns and passions now submerged in the apartheid state.

Leppold's early Afrikaans poetry is unequalled in its rendering of the pale of civilised life during the Boer War. In his best-known collection of 1911, *Oom Gert vertel*, he records not only the bitterness of Afrikaner defeat but also the grief and deprivation of Afrikaner women and children in British concentration camps set up during a guerrilla war. What could become a commonplace propaganda and political rhetoric is transformed in Leppold's early volume by the lyric and dramatic intensity of his poetry. The hopelessness of the camps and the gall of defeat are conveyed with both passion and compassion. The title poem, "Oom Gert vertel", is a tightly worked dramatic monologue recounting the hanging of Afrikaner-speaking British subjects from the Cape captured after joining a Boer commando.

Stormwrack reworks the central theme of "Oom Gert vertel": the perspective is altered, however. Whereas the Afrikaner poem, written close to the events, re-creates the situation from the point of view of Oom Gert, a Cape Afrikaner, *Stormwrack*, written in English thirty years after the war, describes the wartime life of a Cape district from the point of

view of its English inhabitants. Central to the novel is the arrival of the British army to counter Boer invasion of the district, the proclamation of martial law, and the execution of local Afrikaners captured while serving with the Boers.

In *Stormwrack* Leppold attempts to be conciliatory, to explain the virtues of the English tradition at the Cape and to depict the perplexities of otherwise loyal Afrikaners suffering from lapses in British common sense. The pathos in the earlier Afrikaner dramatic monologue is replaced in the later English novel by lengthy explanations. In the poem, both the locals' contempt for British arrogance and the ghostliness of their forced attendance at the executions exist side by side. The monologue ends with two of the witnesses

By T. J. Binyon

DONALD WESTLAKE:
Cattle in the Air
189pp. Hodder and Stoughton. £6.25.
0 340 26238 9

MARY MCKILLLEN:
But Nellie Was So Nice
198pp. Collins. £5.95.
0 00 231042 2

Nello Hand, everybody's friend to Greenwich Village, is murdered one evening, leaving a wide selection of suspects to be investigated by her nephew, handsome, photographer Jeremy Ott. Pleasant, undemanding mixture of crime and romance, with Jeremy finding the murderer and true love to the arms of Ursula, red-headed fashion illustrator for Bonwit Teller.

ERIC CLARK:
Send in the Lions
208pp. Hodder and Stoughton. £6.95.
0 340 25966 3

A Global Atmospheric Research Seminar is opening in beautiful Benin, Canada, and CIA operatives, Russian agents, Chinese agents — and the Mondays are running round in circles after one another as the

slipping away to join "our people" on the night after the hangings. This is not merely a propagandist device. The deliberate act of rebellion with which the poem closes is a revolt against inhumanity. "Oom Oort vertel" evokes the values associated with resistance to brute force, to an inhuman and monolithic occupying power. (In this respect it is ironic that Leppold's poems of the white guerrilla war should be written in the language which the current black South African guerrilla movement associates with oppression.)

slipping away to join "our people" on the night after the hangings. This is not merely a propagandist device. The deliberate act of rebellion with which the poem closes is a revolt against inhumanity. "Oom Oort vertel" evokes the values associated with resistance to brute force, to an inhuman and monolithic occupying power. (In this respect it is ironic that Leppold's poems of the white guerrilla war should be written in the language which the current black South African guerrilla movement associates with oppression.)

slipping away to join "our people" on the night after the hangings. This is not merely a propagandist device. The deliberate act of rebellion with which the poem closes is a revolt against inhumanity. "Oom Oort vertel" evokes the values associated with resistance to brute force, to an inhuman and monolithic occupying power. (In this respect it is ironic that Leppold's poems of the white guerrilla war should be written in the language which the current black South African guerrilla movement associates with oppression.)

slipping away to join "our people" on the night after the hangings. This is not merely a propagandist device. The deliberate act of rebellion with which the poem closes is a revolt against inhumanity. "Oom Oort vertel" evokes the values associated with resistance to brute force, to an inhuman and monolithic occupying power. (In this respect it is ironic that Leppold's poems of the white guerrilla war should be written in the language which the current black South African guerrilla movement associates with oppression.)

slipping away to join "our people" on the night after the hangings. This is not merely a propagandist device. The deliberate act of rebellion with which the poem closes is a revolt against inhumanity. "Oom Oort vertel" evokes the values associated with resistance to brute force, to an inhuman and monolithic occupying power. (In this respect it is ironic that Leppold's poems of the white guerrilla war should be written in the language which the current black South African guerrilla movement associates with oppression.)

slipping away to join "our people" on the night after the hangings. This is not merely a propagandist device. The deliberate act of rebellion with which the poem closes is a revolt against inhumanity. "Oom Oort vertel" evokes the values associated with resistance to brute force, to an inhuman and monolithic occupying power. (In this respect it is ironic that Leppold's poems of the white guerrilla war should be written in the language which the current black South African guerrilla movement associates with oppression.)

slipping away to join "our people" on the night after the hangings. This is not merely a propagandist device. The deliberate act of rebellion with which the poem closes is a revolt against inhumanity. "Oom Oort vertel" evokes the values associated with resistance to brute force, to an inhuman and monolithic occupying power. (In this respect it is ironic that Leppold's poems of the white guerrilla war should be written in the language which the current black South African guerrilla movement associates with oppression.)

slipping away to join "our people" on the night after the hangings. This is not merely a propagandist device. The deliberate act of rebellion with which the poem closes is a revolt against inhumanity. "Oom Oort vertel" evokes the values associated with resistance to brute force, to an inhuman and monolithic occupying power. (In this respect it is ironic that Leppold's poems of the white guerrilla war should be written in the language which the current black South African guerrilla movement associates with oppression.)

slipping away to join "our people" on the night after the hangings. This is not merely a propagandist device. The deliberate act of rebellion with which the poem closes is a revolt against inhumanity. "Oom Oort vertel" evokes the values associated with resistance to brute force, to an inhuman and monolithic occupying power. (In this respect it is ironic that Leppold's poems of the white guerrilla war should be written in the language which the current black South African guerrilla movement associates with oppression.)

slipping away to join "our people" on the night after the hangings. This is not merely a propagandist device. The deliberate act of rebellion with which the poem closes is a revolt against inhumanity. "Oom Oort vertel" evokes the values associated with resistance to brute force, to an inhuman and monolithic occupying power. (In this respect it is ironic that Leppold's poems of the white guerr